

A.M.'s sketches

Names: Sebastian Krause (Kraus?), Finn Eisler(?), Lars Müller(?)

Random Notes 5/11/11: Finn deserts at some point? Theorizing on SM's nature before they actually know what he is? Finn gets a girl pregnant, she comes in search of him only to be murdered by SM. Best not to describe the body -- leave some stuffs to the imagination? Finn tries to commit suicide by deserting. What happens to him? SM Nazi experiment project coded "Jötunn" (?) perhaps another word that means giant, or some different Norse mythology. SK writes how he is going to go up against SM and it looks like a Ted the Caver ending, but the next entry is completely normal (parallels to Noah). Epileptic tree: SK is to Lars what Noah is to Obby(?) -- also, SK is to Finn what Noah is to Milo.

House of Leaves relevant tone quote: "Then a new voice: "I'm lost. Out of food. Low on water. No sense of direction. Oh god..." The speaker is a bearded, broad shouldered man with frantic eyes. He speaks rapidly and appears short of breath: "Holloway Roberts. Born in Menomonie, Wisconsin. Bachelor's from U. Mass. There's something here. It's following me. No, it's *stalking* me. I've been stalked by it for days but for some reason it's not attacking. It's waiting, waiting for something. I don't know what. Holloway Roberts, Menomonie, Wisconsin. I'm not alone here. I'm not alone." I'd like to emulate this frantic type of writing, especially with the later entries. The idea that a few facts can be your last anchor in a rapidly deteriorating sanity.

My hands are hot with Ännchen's blood. I tried in vain to cool them in a nearby brook, but they burn still. All trace of red is gone, and yet my hands radiate heart-warmed heat; I press them to my face and pretend it is her, cradling my head, holding it to her breast. I feel a heartbeat on my face, but it is my own.

He will be in the glen tomorrow evening. I will be there also. There is no other path than that which leads me to him.

The Incident sketch

He approached one Dr. S\_\_\_\_\_ (this will be blacked out in the journal), lowering himself slightly to eye-level with the doomed man. At last it was clear that we ourselves were in the bell jar, rather than our tall and thin subject. He entered our minds all at once, spreading like Pentecostal fire. We were all instantly aware and there was suddenly the taste of copper in my mouth. Several of the men, Fritz and Richard among them, immediately drew their pistols and shot themselves in the head. Franz, always skittish, misfired, freeing his left eye from his skull like a billiard (this needs a better analogy). He twitched on the floor, slowly fading as blood escaped him. His right eye focused on me. Mouthing something unintelligible, he drew and shot, aiming directly, steadily, at my forehead. Out of bullets. Alas.

In an instant (German word to use: Augenblick), we were in a glen -- far from the salt mines, given the tall trees that imposed on us from all sides. Through it was my first time outside in

days, the air was not sweet, but stagnant, and it stank of ozone. One of the female scientists began to wail, the only sound in the vacuum silence, wholly unnatural, in the forest.

The sound rent my head open, but it was soon quelled, soon comforted by the forced silence from the Being. I looked upon him, and he seemed to regard me, his face, clean as the summer moon shining only for me. From the corner of my eye I could see the female scientist was Frau Bärenreiter. She was crouched over Dr. S\_\_\_\_'s body. His mouth opened and closed wordlessly, like a fish taken from the water. Wrapped around his wrists were his own entrails. Frau B, covered in the doctor's blood, struggled to detangle him and force his intestines back into his abdomen. I read once that the human intestine is nearly 8 meters in length.

Lars' character sketch (very stream of consciousness, haha. It will need a good deal of editing if it's to be included)

Some souls are too gentle for military life, Ännchen. They are not equipped with the necessary armor. Still others are perhaps too rough. There is a boy, Franz, who is part of the former. His nerves render him an... imprecise shot, particularly under stress. I have been helping him. But... you must say your prayers extra well tonight, my treasure. Your Sebastian narrowly avoided medical leave, and by friendly fire, no less! How embarrassing that would have been. I held a target aloft, instructing Franz to practice steadying his aim. Do not be too concerned! We were using blank cartridges, which is thankfully how I am allowed to write you this letter. You see, as he readied himself to fire, a full round of pistol cartridges was discharged in the nearby woods. Franz became white as a sheet and fired erratically, poor child. I myself drew and ran into the woods only to find Lars standing, electrified, pistol held with both hands, pointed at the ground. As I drew nearer, I saw what had happened. Lars had emptied his round on a rabbit's den. Several of them had attempted to flee in the confusion, and I saw their broken corpses littering the mouth of the den. I'm sorry, my Anna. Had you seen them, they would have broken your heart. Lars began to explain: "I was hungry," he said. "The Führer can't deny us a bit of sport." I buried them, Anna. In front of him. He seemed ashamed, but in a moment he was on top of me. He pressed the barrel of his gun against my head and pulled the trigger. He laughed, claiming it was a joke, but I hit him, winded him, left him there. He apologized later. I have forgiven him, and sworn myself to secrecy. But Ännchen. I could have rivaled Franz with my shaking!

Today, we drove into Festeburg for supplies and a little bit of air. It is a lovely town, Ännchen, not unlike Lenz, though their accent is decidedly more... quaint. Still, they have been a great service to us, providing us with bread and holding our deliveries from Command. Lars speculates that not even the Führer knows where we are stationed -- to keep him protected. He only speaks that way after a few beers. Talking of which, there will be some cause for celebration tonight, as it seems Finn has found himself a woman! She is called Clara, and is the baker's daughter. Rose-cheeked with flaxen hair, she seems like she was made of the same material as Finn. Like elf-folk, mysterious and uncanny in their attractiveness. I spied them whispering in the alley after we loaded the truck, and even now Finn has not returned to the inn where we are lodging tonight. I am proud of him, though I'm sure Lars intends to make him suffer with his teasing.

Finn has asked to borrow my pomade. Apparently an envelope with important papers for our lieutenant has arrived from the Office of Internal Affairs and he has been selected to retrieve it. I cannot decide whether Sgt. Heine knows of Clara. Although personally interacting with civilians is strictly against protocol, he is a merry soul and does care for his men. I have made Finn a present of the pomade -- he protested, but I insisted.

Clara has fallen pregnant. Finn does not yet know -- I myself heard from David, who recently headed a brief excursion to Festeburg. The people have grown wary of soldiers, it would seem. Stupid, stupid, stupid. He has broken the poor girl's heart without even knowing it, and in doing so I'm sure will only crush his own. Perhaps, if fate is kind to him, he will be allowed to see his child. In better times. I pray for him, as well as her. Though with no other village in reasonable proximity, and the people growing restless, I pray a little for ourselves as well.

Lars found her, in the end. He was on watch and returned to the base a green sort of white with sick all down the front of his uniform and blood... all over. She lay in a shallow in a nearby river -- the river we have been using as our drinking water -- looking for all the world as though she were merely bathing. Her chest had been forced open like an oyster, her heart stolen. Would that I could say that that was all that had been taken. The child. The child had been taken from its womb, which bulged slightly from her abdomen. The Lieutenant suspects it might have been wolves, though why they would hunger alone for her heart and her child.... The larger question at hand is how she was able to wander so close to the base. Though she obviously set off in despair, her proximity rules out the possibility that she merely stumbled upon us by accident. Finn. He must have told her, the damned idiot. They'd call him a traitor, but all he is is an idiot. I've resolved to remain quiet on the matter. Thus far, they do not suspect him, thinking she must have followed one of the caravans and gotten lost. We disarmed Finn, as per orders, and he did not fight us, but seemed transfixed on a spot above our shoulders. I write this in part to have some record for myself, as well as to clear my head and wait for fatigue to get the better of me. Finn has taken to speaking in his sleep. Each night he cries a name. He cries it even now: "Bridget. My princess."

Notes: How does Finn know her gender? She came to him in a dream before Clara died. In a later entry, Sebastian will log Finn telling him about this dream, as a part of his descent into madness and despair.

Schrodinger's Weakness XD

## **PREAMBLE TO SEBASTIAN'S JOURNAL**

The secret Nazi project was called "Fuchsaugen" (fox eyes). It initially consisted of a reconnaissance group of Nazi soldiers in the Schwarzwald (Black Forest) searching for him, because the Nazis somehow know that he is attracted to forests but the Schwarzwald in particular because a small village in the forest told of many myths/legends mentioning the tall

being. The experiments were preformed in a secret underground laboratory, in chamber 12 of the facility called 'The Napoleon Laboratory', located deep in a Bavarian Salt Mine near Berchtesgaden, Germany. The only evidence of the project's existence was Sebastian's Journal, but there can possibly be some leaked classified Nazi documents/reports referencing it and it's subsequent failure. The purpose of the experiments was to study Slender Man, figure out how his powers work, and try replicating them, or just to use Slender Man as a supernatural weapon on the Axis' side. It's unknown from existing documentation how they captured the Slender Man. It's hinted at that he was somehow lured into the facility by the scientists or another faction of their effort. Did they learn anything from it? No, all of the experiments yielded no conclusive results on how Slender Man works, or even exists. Though visible to the human eye, he emitted no energy of any kind and had no measurable mass. The Nazi instruments, being more advanced than any human technology at the time, could not detect anything at all from the Slender Man. The only conclusion that they could come up with before the laboratory was destroyed was that this being was an anomaly in the fabric of space an time, and of the very existence of matter and energy itself. Any evidence of these results were never found because the laboratory was completely destroyed, but there could be classified documents that reported of whatever results the lab was able to send yielded nothing substantial.

## Journal Entry Timeline

1 - typical starting journal entry immediately after joining the army

My dearest Ännchen, We have already been apart several weeks and yet I can see your beautiful face before me and hear your sweet voice ringing in my ears. I pray that you will forgive me. I know that you will be reading this long after I have written it, but I cannot bear to let the censors have their way with my private words to you. This journal is ours and only ours, a record of my adventures that we may share with our own little ones someday. I know you will understand. Today I go to war. And yet I have no fear because your image accompanies me like a guardian angel. My goddess, I wake every morning with your name on my lips, and with your name I end my evening prayers. The air is fresh here and the countryside is very beautiful. It is God's country. It is yours and mine and the Führer's. Today I go to take Europe for the glory of the Third Reich -- tomorrow, the world!

2 - Some time later. Typical re-started journal entry - Sebastian re-discovers his journal, learns he has been employed as a guard for a medical unit in Bavarian salt mines (near Berchtesgaden?). Hitler had a home there: the "Eagle's Nest" or Kehlsteinhaus. Near Königsee (King's Lake) -- also an old church: St. Bartolomä Church. No doubt utilized in some way by the army. Sebastian is not allowed to send or receive mail. He's keeping the journal as a log to share with his Ännchen later.

My dearest Ännchen, it has been a few weeks since I first wrote in this journal and I am sorry for this lapse in my memory. I vow to update our journal as often as possible, so that we may look over these entries with pride in our hearts. Within the past few weeks, I have made much

progress for our cause and the Captains have been impressed by my diligence and perseverance. Tomorrow, I will be transferred to a Medical Research Unit near Bavarian Salt Mines, as they have asked for more Guards. Only the best have been chosen, my love, and I am proud to say that I was chosen too. Alas, I can no longer send or receive letters, and I will miss reading your sweet words after I awaken each morning. This is for our safety, dear Ännchen, as the location of these mines is nearby one of the Fuhrer's homes. I would dread for one of your letters to be intercepted by the enemy. I will continue this journal as a collection of letters I shan't be able to send so that I may recall this tale to you upon my return with many laughs to be had, I'm sure. My dear, sweet Ännchen, I must leave soon - I must finish packing. I will write more later, my love.

3 - Stopping briefly at the facility, for briefing on their mission. Meeting Finn for the first time (he still doesn't know Lars). Theorize on why they're there. Finn wonders aloud if they'll be testing weaponry. New recruit Franz attempts to confirm this in order to seem knowledgeable.

We stopped today at the facility in order to be briefed on our upcoming mission. It is not unlike Dr. Steinberg's office -- all green linoleum and whitewashed walls! Amazing that this office sits in the middle of salt mines -- the head physician must have bears and birds as patients! Other than us, there must not be another Christian soul for a hundred miles. I expect many have been moved out of the area for the scientists to work in peace. Though the armed guard will ensure that! There is a small village in Schwarzwald, a day's journey away. This is where they get their supplies, and likely where we shall be getting ours as well. Before I forget -- you will never believe who is in my outfit! Nathan's own kinsman! His name is Finn Eisler -- a fine young lad at 19, perhaps we should introduce him to Mika when we return? We spent the evening placing bets on why we have been called here. Finn believes we may be testing some new weaponry and truthfully is grateful to be out of the front lines. Some of the other men agree, though I am not so sure. Some 20 of the Third Reich's finest men are not necessarily needed to spend a few months hunting in the Schwarzwald. The mission we are assigned to is referred to as the codename "Fuchsaugen". I suspect we will be aiding the guards, setting up a wider perimeter. Our superiors told us not to get comfortable. What's we're guarding may or may not be weaponry, but I feel it's unlikely we'll ever get to see it. Well, enough theorizing. I keep you in my thoughts and our book above my heart.

4 - Sebastian remarks on some of the work the scientists are doing/comments on the briefing he received. Finds out that they're in the forest to look for something, though he doesn't know what -- object/animal/sentient being.

Out 5 Reichsmarks! Never let me take up gambling, my darling, it would ruin me. As it turns out, we are neither here to test weaponry (Finn bartered a few cigarettes -- you should hear him how!!) nor to set up a perimeter. Instead, we have been assigned as reconnaissance in the Schwarzwald. What exactly we are looking for is evidently classified. I suppose they think we'll know it when we see it. It is very strange. I assume if it were enemy soldiers, there would be no harm in telling us. Likewise if it was some sort of beast. After all, we are German! Hunting is in

our very blood! Some of the men have begun to joke of monsters and other ungodly creatures. I doubt a Samiel lurks waiting to charm our bullets and cause other mischief. Still, the men are skittish and eager to head out tomorrow. Perhaps we shall conquer this mysterious being, and if I am lucky, I will claim a piece of its pelt to keep above our mantle.

5 - Sebastian writes about a conversation he and Finn have about their respective families/lack thereof. Introduce Lars, perhaps gently (or not so gently) making fun of them. Lars has no one.

Beans again. Slightly cold by the time I was able to sit and eat, though it might have been the finest wurst for all I cared. We have just finished setting up camp in a tiny glen some 6 miles from the Eastern border of the Schwarzwald. It is well hidden and has access to a sweetwater brook nearby -- ideal. To hear the men talk you might almost believe we were in a café in Wien rather than in a military camp in the middle of nowhere. I try to relax, my love, and think of you, but the atmosphere seems wrong, somehow. Too casual. At dinner, many of the men shared stories of their families -- a few even revealed tokens (Bände) of their loved ones. One man revealed an empty perfume bottle he swore still held her scent. Another showed a token we all swore must have been a shotgun shell, but on closer inspection was in fact a tube of wine-colored lipstick. He claimed to get drunk off of her kisses. A private who cannot have been more than 16 years old claimed to have a pair -- and I pray you will not blush too deeply -- of his sweetheart's underwear buried deep in his tent. How we laughed! Be assured, I kept your ribbon safe in this very book. I am selfish in my love, and prefer to keep you for myself. For all the talk of family and love, one man was strangely silent. Lars Müller. 27. He, along with a rather gregarious private, Franz, share the tent with Finn and myself. He seems to carry a heaviness and an anger. I feel he is not a man to cross. At any rate, I must rest, my darling, as tomorrow we begin our first patrols. I carry your heart within my heart.

6 - Sebastian talks about the countryside, goes down to the river where we much later find Clara's body. Sketches something (what do you think, Ash?) that's not alive -- no animals. He won't notice yet, but maybe something we can work towards is the fact that the forest appears completely devoid of living creatures -- they are very skittish and in general stay far away from the camp.

Do you know what I miss? Birdsong. Do you remember the little parakeet Mika kept in the window in her room? It sang so sweetly and bravely, filling the house with mirth and jollity. Your house was never without music. Until it died. I never thought that silence could be as loud as it was that day. It pressed on my ears. It seems to me here in this wood that all little birds have died in the entire world. There is no sound from them nor from anything else for that matter; not even a breath of wind to stir the trees above us, as if sound itself was banished. Even the dogs are quiet and nervous, keeping close to their handlers. Franz claims he saw a badger during his patrol several miles outside of camp. However, it fled from him with such fear that in a moment it was as if it was never there. It is passing strange -- could it be the thing we seek might be driving the creatures from this place? Like cats and dogs flee before a coming earthquake? Or how flocks of birds fly away before an oncoming storm? The others make nothing of it, but I

cannot help but be wary.

7 - Sebastian overhears superiors again. Finds out that what they're looking for is in fact a sentient being. Expresses frustration that they're stuck in the forest chasing ghosts when he could be fighting on the front lines for his country.

Today, our patrol ventured along the edges of the village. We found stones arranged in a circle around a calf that had clearly been slaughtered by a human. Other markings in the ground nearby suggested that this was not the first incidence. Horrific, really, that some crazed person would do that, but not really under our jurisdiction. At any rate, another curious development! While I passed by one of the head officer's tents, I happened to overhear a queer discussion occurring from its interior. From the little bit of talk I managed to hear, what our outfit is looking for is in fact a man. If what I heard was correct, I can't fathom how one single man can be worth an entire twenty man squadron? How eerie. That would be rather disappointing, our mysterious target nothing but a mere fugitive. However, what strikes me as odd, more than the conversation itself, is why they aren't outright telling us that.

8 - Bring Lars back. Improve relations between him and Sebastian -- he decides he likes Sebastian and is mostly friendly-indifferent to Finn. He apologizes for the way he acted before. Here's a thought -- what if Sebastian eventually gets the knife from Lars?

I managed to befriend Lars today. Finn and Franz were scheduled for patrol duty, leaving Lars and I alone in the tent. He was sharpening his knife as I was cleaning my Walther. He began opening up to me, telling me that he was orphaned during the great war at the age of three. He never knew much of family, he was raised in an institution for children. Once he was of age he enlisted and the military fostered him. I believe we are getting on good terms with each other. He participates in conversations with Finn, Franz and the others, but only ever initiates them with myself. Given his demeanor before this conversation, I'm glad to have broken through to him. I'd rather have an audible friend, not a silent enemy.

9 - One of the German Shepherds goes mad when out with his trainer. Eventually leads to the abandonment of keeping dogs.

We had to shoot the dogs. All of them. There was a sour, metallic taste in the air when we heard the barking from deep in the forest during our shift. The din rent the air asunder and caused the men to practically jump from their skins. How they howled -- like they ceased to be even animals and were demons instead. We hurried back to camp only to find them straining against their leashes. Three had strangled themselves, fresh blood caked around their collars. The rest appeared rabid, yellow-red foam pouring from their jaws. The men pulled their pistols out of compassion, Ännchen. They continued to howl for several minutes after we shot them. I hear them even now, in my sleep. I must say, I much preferred the silence.

10 - First foray into the village for supplies. Sebastian tries the bread and talks about the old

Jewish baker back home. Final Solution. Finn meets Clara for the first time. Sebastian remembers the first time he met Ännchen.

Sweet Annchen, do you remember that first roll we shared in Herr Rosenberg's Bakery? The smell of the sweets baking in the oven, the warm feel of the roll as we broke it to share. I was reminded of this as we traversed into the nearest town for supplies this day. There was a quaint bakery, not unlike the one we frequented. The second I walked in I could have sworn I was back home, and had to remind myself that you were not here with me. Please remind me when I return for us to have another roll together. In truth, it is the simple things that I miss during these times of adversity. The Festerburg baker's family seemed nice enough, and the baked goods were every bit as delicious as they claimed them to be, but they don't compare to Rosenberg's. It is a real shame that he had to flee to Switzerland with his family. I hope he has set up another bakery there, for others to enjoy as much as we did. The baker's daughter here, Clara, reminds me of Rosenberg's own daughter, Zelda. Finn has taken a liking to her, so it seems as if we may have to find another suitor for Mika!

11 - Sebastian finds Lars babbling about how there are no animals in the forest. Sebastian tries to contradict him to make him feel better, but realizes that Lars is right. At the end of the entry, as Lars has been lulled to sleep, Sebastian wonders why there are so many soldiers working at the compound, when they are so hidden from outsiders and animals don't seem to be an issue.

Now that Lars is finally asleep, I can write. I came back to the tent to find him huddled in the corner, murmuring something. His eyes wide and staring. I knelt to get a better look, but he seemed to see right through me, as if I were invisible. He kept saying, "It's empty." over and over, clutching the troll cross charm that he wears around his neck. When I asked him what was empty, he replied, "The forest. The forest is empty. Desolate." I tried to comfort him, but his babbles continued. "There is no life. Even we are dead. Even we are dead standing up." I stepped outside to look for the medic. Turning back inside however, I found that Lars had fallen into a deep slumber. An odd one, that Lars is. He seems to be the most superstitious of all of us. Although, I cannot ignore scarcity of wildlife since we arrived. None of us can.

12 - Another journey to the village. Sebastian doesn't go this time, just Finn and Lukas, who brings a few rabbits back with Sgt. Heine's approval, with the purpose of keeping them for eating. The two breeders are named by the soldiers after their settled around the camp -- the doe, a dusty brown already plump with babies, is called Mutti, while the buck, a handsome grey, is named Wolf.

Good news at last. Sergeant Heine has allowed us to bring a couple of hares back from the village to keep as breeding stock. Rabbit stew at last! Nothing like you can make of course, my darling, but it will be good to have a little taste of home. Finn and Lukas brought them back this afternoon. There is a male, handsome and grey -- the men have named him "Wolf" -- and a doe, dusty brown and already plump with a fresh litter. We decided on "Mutti" for her. Not very creative, perhaps, but it suits her. They seem happy in their pen, though who can really tell with



rabbits? With some luck, they will help to keep us in good spirits.

13 - Sebastian makes light of the fact that he thinks the patrols are pointless, though Franz, the jumpy private, seems ill. They find nothing, but the soldiers are sent out on patrols daily now, though they are prohibited from leaving the camp at night on pain of severe punishment.

Another useless patrol today. We made our rounds as usual and I swear that they serve no purpose. All this time, we have not been attacked or ambushed or even put on alert since the beginning of our duty, only told to look out for anything unusual. The officers seem to think nothing of the absence of game that the others and I have come to notice, but always appear vigilant, as if waiting for something to occur. I always find Sergeant Heine standing in front of his tent, eyes fixated on the trees. There is also often lack of wind. At times, you can just stare off into the distance through the trees and it all seems like a massive inanimate painting. I do admit that I'm rather frustrated that we're stuck in this forest chasing ghosts when he could be fighting on the front lines for the country.

14 - Ännchen's birthday -- a short entry.

I keep your photo close, and view it every day. Though I cannot be there to celebrate, my love, I am praying that you are safe and are out enjoying yourself with family and friends. This is the first birthday I will be forced to miss, and though it pains me to know I cannot celebrate with you, your photograph is enough to raise my spirits as I gaze into it, holding your ribbon close. Perhaps on our next outing to the village, I shall purchase something to give you upon my return. I wish you the best of days, my dearest Ännchen.

15 - Sebastian keeps Lars company on night watch. Lars rhapsodizes on the benefits of being a member of the Nazi party -- mainly, getting to be a part of a group that is bigger than yourself. Safety in numbers, etc.

Ännchen, do you ever wonder if what we're doing is right? Seditious thoughts, you'll cry, and yet my heart's own heart I feel like I can share my every reservation with you. It has been an evening full of deep thoughts. One of the young privates asked me to take his place on night watch -- a good lad, quiet, they've been pushing him hard lately. When I got to the foxhole, I laid eyes upon my partner -- Lars. If I'm honest, I will have to admit to you that I was not without misgivings. I felt sympathy for the young private and understanding for his absence. This Lars is passing strange, my love. I could not hold my breath for as long as he seems to stare, unblinking, into the woods. An ideal watchman perhaps, but for something... not quite right. Perhaps because he is more often than not slow to speak. Not tonight. We spoke, though he did not look at me once. He asked me why I was here. I laughed it off at first -- well, we were ordered here, of course! He did not smile. Instead, he spoke again. About his family, or lack thereof. How the Nazi Party was his family now. The Führer was his father, the Reich: his mother. How we, the men of the army, were his siblings. The Party takes care of its own. The Party will not get drunk and beat the woman who birthed you until she is unrecognizable,

dribbling on the floor. The Party will not intentionally starve you to make you all the more pitiable when begging for money on the street. The Party will protect you, feed you, clothe you, devastate your enemies. The Party will never die. Can that be true, Anna? Can we all have a stake in immortality? And is that... right? Or natural? I suppose only time can tell.

16 - On patrol, Sebastian wanders off on his own briefly, possibly hears odd noises (or something foreboding of Slendy), and comes across a mutilated stag, still breathing. He puts it out of its misery. Back at the camp, Mutti gives birth to some kits.

How often life seems to follow on death's heels. We marched into a different part of the woods today. The sunlight streamed through the trees forming columns along our path. Beautiful, but entirely wild. Every now and then the wind would brush the trees, making it sound as though the entire wood was sighing. Sighing of a silent wood. The sun was just beginning to slip behind the canopy when we passed a fallen fir tree, no longer evergreen. I felt heat on the back of my neck, gone as quickly as it came. I stopped, and as I did I heard something different -- the sighing had suddenly sped up and become quiet and labored. Breathing! I followed the sound, losing my patrol within seconds. I followed led not against my will, but without will, as though there was no other possibility. Behind a bush protruded a tangle of branches... rough, stripped of bark.... As I approached, I noticed that they were not branches at all, but antlers! The surprise of it slowed my approach -- how could a stag be here? No sign of game for months and suddenly deer? The closer I crept, the faster the poor creature breathed. My eyes at last feasted upon it. They drank the crimson blood, brighter than anything I had seen in my life. They bit and tore into the entrails, already laid bare on the forest floor. Its insides had been delicately pulled from its body, its ribs cracked open like an oyster. How it could still be alive was completely beyond my understanding, beyond the hope of a merciful God. I pulled out my Walther and shot it in the head. You must think me a monster, Ännchen. I am not a monster. Whatever mutilated that creature was a monster -- a real one, like from the stories we heard as children. Even so, that stag continued to breathe. I got on my knees and shot it again, point-blank. At this point I heard shouting as my patrol caught up with me. It stopped at last, and I breathed again, realized that I had not done so for some time. Sensation came back to me, and I felt warmth on the front of my uniform. Blood. My arms were coated up to my elbows. My hands grasped its heart. I had it halfway to my lips. A deluge of shouting and cursing roused me and I was pulled away. "Sebastian! Sebastian! What have you done?" they cried. I looked down. I was clean, but for some soil on my knees. I explained, stammering, that I had put it out of its misery and, hearing no more, began my way back to camp on my own. They did not stop me -- they were occupied with salvaging what meat they could. I turned back and saw not brave, virtuous, German men, but silhouettes made dark and sinister against the contrasting streams of dying sunlight.

Mutti gave birth to a litter of kits. Four -- three girls and one boy. Our first harvest.

17 - Finn asks to borrow Sebastian's pomade for another trip into the village. Sebastian writes about a nightmare he's been having.

My mind tends to wander more and more lately, to obscure thoughts and I have had vivid dreams. Unpleasant dreams. Last night, I dreamt that I was darting through the trees, something menacing pursuing me. I flew, running much faster than I ever have before. Four thin, golden brown legs took me much further than my own two. I eventually noticed an obstruction in my path, a tall tree. I halted, confused and full of fear -- where could I go? Then I saw that the tree was not a tree, but a man. I distinctly remember a man, clothed in black. He stretched out his arms as though to welcome me, yet I felt only malevolence.

Another night, I found myself human again, in a sacrament meeting. The candles were dimmed and a record of some classical opera was played, or at least that's what I assumed it to be. Pagan, I presumed. Evil. Behind me were several rows of chairs around a stone-fairy ring, circling a pile of bones. Before me, a group of people surrounding a table with several indiscernible items, clapping their hands, and chanting in odd tongues that I could not understand. My old school teacher, Frau Lehmann, was somehow there, so I turned to her and commented on how their song had an atrocious melody. As soon as I made my remark, the record became less audible, so I approached the player. This is when I noticed that the others were wearing a variety of curious masks. Suddenly, their voices rose to shrill yells and I became afraid. I fled to the back of the room, where somehow the row of chairs had changed into a grassy field. I saw Frau Lehmann sitting in the grass, and I sat down next to her. She asked me what I was doing there. I said that I wasn't sure. She then asked me if I had finished all of my schoolwork and, you will forgive me, Ännchen, abruptly kissed me before I could answer! I stopped her and told her that I had finished my school work. She gave a great laugh and began eating an apple. Here I awoke and reflected on how strange it was that I had kissed my old teacher. On any other occasion, I would have dismissed these visions as products of my mind wandering due to boredom, but this forest is unnatural. The stagnation and silence is disturbing. Upon closing my eyes, these woods feel more like some sort of inert, sterile void. But look at me, rattling off my dreams to you as if you are a circus gypsy, and I assure that you are nothing of the sort, my love! I digress, forgive me for my arbitrary ramblings. Finn has asked to borrow my pomade for a trip to the village. Perhaps he is attempting to impress his lady? Either that, or he wishes to enchant the locals with my scent. I expect he'll find more success with the latter.

18 - The men privately report to each other having nightmares. Finn talks about stories from the village. They believe in some kind of golem/monster in the woods. He relates what he's heard from Clara. Finn begins to share his dream about a young lady named Bridget. Lars teases him, accusing him of spiritual adultery.

A young man wandered into our camp today. We nearly fired at the poor fellow, he was terrified at the sight of us and ran back to the forest from whence he came. Lars got to him before he got too far, knocked the poor fellow out. At first, we rejoiced, for we thought this was our target. Unfortunately, the generals informed us that this was not who we were looking for. Odd though, he doesn't speak a stick of German to us. Only English, and none of us here know it. Right now, Heine is trying to get something out of him. I don't think he's even gotten a name out yet. Heine must be worried about Allied spies, but I believe that he's from the village. Why is he so

tenacious with his communication is beyond me. He reminds me of the butcher's son that lives next door, Albert I think his name is. He looks well fed, which makes me wonder why he would be strolling through these woods. Perhaps he's a hiker gone mad?

One of the younger soldiers, Rolf, pulled me aside after dinner today to discuss, of all things, dreams! It seems he too has been having nightmares -- though different from mine they appear to be related. He spoke of a feeling of uncertainty and anxiety upon waking, something I am becoming familiar with. Finn and Lars were close enough to overhear our private conversation, and had called the rest of the squad together. I fear that something above us is in the area. Something that we do not understand. Something we must leave undisturbed at all costs. Everyone is nervous. These dreams plaguing all of us are different, they play to our minds, but they leave us feeling the same unnerving anxiety that there is something else out there. Finn was the one to tell of old wives's tales he has heard from Clara, and of disturbing news from the village. Many of the farmers have been losing chickens as of late. Some of the soldiers laughed this news off as indicative of some rogue wolf or fox, but others were not so certain. He continued by telling us of his own dreams of a woman he sees named Bridget. Finn believes that she is warning him of something, but the words are too vague, too soft for him to hear properly. He can never even see her face properly -- a heavy haze hides her from him. He seemed lost for a moment, and we all silently looked at one another. Lars was the first to speak, his voice high and jeering. "Bridget? Is Clara not enough for you any more, young Master Finn? No? Then what of this spiritual adultery?" Poor Finn glowed bright red and stammered that there was nothing truer than his love for Clara. Still, the men laughed (they can be cruel), welcoming any break in the tension that binds us.

19 - Sgt. Heine finds out from the patrol's leader that Sebastian wandered off and shot the aforementioned stag. After chewing him out and being punished with the task of cleaning the mess hall each night for a week, he sends him to Lt. Von Ebersbach. Von Ebersbach interrogates him on what he saw, with two scientists present, taking copious notes. At the end, one of the scientists shakes Sebastian's hand.

A fifth of our platoon, sick with food poisoning! As it happens, every man who was on our patrol the day I found the stag, except for myself, is bedridden. After I left, I discovered that they skinned the poor creature and brought it back to camp to be cured. Vultures. Stupid, stupid vultures. Naturally I was interviewed -- one of the men gave me up as the one who discovered it, and I paid for my discovery, Ännchen. Sgt. Heine was not pleased. As punishment for not reporting what I had seen, I am to clean the mess hall each night for a week -- alone! On top of that, I was forced to recount my story to Lt. von Ebersbach, a short man with a fussy moustache -- clearly a desk officer. Though his unintelligent eyes listened to my story with an air of dispassion, he had two scientists with him, both of whom spent the entire time taking copious notes of my testimony. When I had finished, one of them shook my hand firmly and energetically, as though I had worked out a problematic equation all on my own. I don't know that I shall ever understand them.

20 - Sebastian falls ill while cleaning the mess hall on his own one night. He is told he suffered a seizure and was found with two very peculiar black eyes. After being kept for a night for observation, he is released. While in observation, he is introduced to Dr. Steinmann.

My barrack at last! You won't worry, I hope, my darling Ännchen. Clearly I am sitting next to you as we read this, our children playing in the yard, so no permanent harm could have come to me. A regular psychic, me! Dr. Steinmann only just released me from his care. As I was scrubbing the dishes in the mess hall, I lost consciousness. It was Lars who found me, the doctor said, still seizing on the floor, both of my eyes blackened as though I had been struck. I quieted down after another half hour or so, after which I slept the entire night through. Such a dreamless sleep I have not had in a long time. After a brief check-up, Dr. Steinmann gave me a clean bill of health, and suggested I not scrub quite so hard next time.

21 - Feeling better, Sebastian is released from observation as the dark circles around his eyes begin to fade. Finn tells him about his latest meeting with Clara. He shows Sebastian a knife that Clara gave him in order to protect him from the monster in the woods -- a good luck charm.

Well, I no longer look as though I have just lost a Biergarten brawl! My eyes have healed up well, back to normal, more or less, and I feel just as strong as ever. We are certainly blessed with the finest doctors in the world. Just as well, as they already have me back on patrol, and I've been exempt from the remainder of my punishment. I must admit to you, privately, that these patrols have taken on the air of a punishment -- not just for myself, but for my fellow soldiers. While I am physically a model of Aryan endurance and strength, when I leave camp my mind has taken to wandering down dark and winding paths. Do not think me a coward, my darling. I am not alone. Do you know what causes me the most ill-feeling? I spoke with Finn earlier today, his giddiness from seeing his sweetheart yesterday only somewhat dampened by the wood. It seems she made him a present of a knife. It is a handsome thing, the hilt bound with black leather. He said she insisted he carry it with him any time he ventured into the woods. He pressed her for her reasoning and she would only admit that, with luck, it might protect him from the demon that resides here. Now a village this remote is bound to have its own mythology and superstitions, but all the same, such talk is not good for morale. I suggested Finn not share the origin of the knife with anyone else. If this continues, we may have to report it to high command.

22 - Target practice story with Lars and Franz, if we choose to include it? Where do the rabbits come from? Someone smuggled them in? One of the soldiers decided to keep a hutch to help feed the soldiers -- approved by Sgt. Heine. Entry needs revision in order to have Lars shooting them in their hutch.

Some souls are too gentle for military life, Ännchen. They are not equipped with the necessary armor. Still others are perhaps too rough. Franz, one of the younger privates, is part of the former. His nerves render him an... imprecise shot, particularly under stress. This past week I have been helping him. But... you must say your prayers extra well tonight, my treasure. Your

Sebastian narrowly avoided medical leave, and by friendly fire, no less! How embarrassing that would have been. I held a target aloft, instructing Franz to practice steadying his aim. Do not be too concerned! We were using blank cartridges, which is thankfully how I am allowed to write you this letter. You see, as he readied himself to fire, a full round of pistol cartridges was discharged in the camp! Franz became white as a sheet and fired erratically, poor child. I myself drew and ran towards the sound only to find Lars standing, electrified, pistol held with both hands, pointed at our rabbit hutch. As I drew nearer, I saw what had happened. Lars had emptied his round on the poor creatures. I saw their broken corpses littered about the enclosure. I'm sorry, my Anna. Had you seen them, they would have broken your heart. Lars began to explain: "I was hungry," he said. "The Führer can't deny us a bit of sport." Silently, I wrapped them up in a cloth, Anna. In front of him. He seemed ashamed, but in a moment he was on top of me. He pressed the barrel of his gun against my head, stared me in the eyes, and pulled the trigger. He laughed, claiming it was a joke, but I hit him, winded him, left him there. He apologized later. I have forgiven him, but Ännchen. I could have rivaled Franz with my shaking!

23 - Lars is taken in for psychiatric evaluation. Mutti and Wolf, as well as a young doe, survive the attack. Upon being cooked the soldiers find the rabbit meat of those massacred strangely bitter and bad-tasting.

Lars was absent from supper. Apparently he was taken in for psychiatric evaluation. Frankly, I'm surprised it didn't happen sooner. The incident with the rabbits must have been the last straw. Thankfully, it was not a complete loss. As Providence should have it, Mutti and Wolf both survived, as well as a young doe, so our project was not completely in vain. They are shaky and losing a bit of their hair, but otherwise none the worse for wear. The men took the rabbits that had been shot and spent the evening picking out the bullets. Waste not, want not! they said as I turned down their offer for some rabbit stew. As it happens, the entire pot was dumped after they tasted it. Apparently the meat tasted as though it had already gone rancid. A few of them blamed it on the bullets, but... that doesn't quite make sense. All the times I've been hunting, I've never had a kill go bad within hours, even full of shot. Here's hoping the entire hutch hasn't been tainted. The fear won't help, but maybe with some time... and with Lars away... they may be able to recover.

24 - Sebastian finds Lars released with a bottle of unmarked capsules and the order to return to the medical ward at twilight each evening for several hours of treatment. When Sebastian asks Lars to describe the treatment, Lars finds he cannot, supposing it has to do with hypnosis.

Only a week has passed since I last wrote to you. Perhaps you will be surprised when I report who I found when I began watch this afternoon. Sitting on a rock in the outskirts of camp was Lars. He looked up at me when I approached and greeted him. His eyes were momentarily unfocused, as though he was looking through me -- just behind me. However, they snapped back, shrewd as ever, and he transferred a small glass bottle into his pocket, freeing his right hand to clasp mine. We sat in silence for a few minutes, my eyes determinately scanning the

distance. I could sense that Lars was struggling to concentrate. Still wary of him after the incident, I resolved not to speak, to let him express himself if and when he decided it was appropriate. I did not have to wait long. When he spoke, it was in a dispassionate voice, and only to ask me if I could be trusted. I said yes, but I don't think the answer would have mattered. He continued by asking me how long he had been gone. I told him. Unfazed, he extracted the bottle from his pocket and took out a small white unmarked tablet, which he then chewed slowly, his eyes never wavering from mine. "Funny, it felt like a few minutes to me," he said, some white powder puffing slightly from between his lips. He broke off, scanning the trees with renewed vigour. His back was turned to me when he asked me to make up an excuse for him, to the other men. Every evening at twilight from now on he was supposed to report to Dr. Steinmann for treatment. "But surely, that's good news, isn't it?" I asked. "Dr. Steinmann is a most excellent doctor, surely you'll be well in no time...." Then Lars said something that made me pause. He had no memory of any of the treatments he had had thus far. Only vague images, as though from a dream, and nothing tangible. "Hypnosis?" I offered, grasping at straws. Lars only murmured in a noncommittal way and remained silent for the rest of the watch, dissatisfied, perhaps, but resigned. To add to the mystery, he still has not returned, and I am almost sleep-writing to you, my love. Strange, strange, strange. Yet, in the hands of our best doctor, what could happen?

25 - News reaches camp that Clara has fallen pregnant.

A short entry today, but with eventful news! Finn confided in me after dinner -- Clara, it seems, has fallen pregnant, and they are both convinced that it is Finn's. Naturally this makes things complicated, but Finn is arranging to marry her as soon as her father gives leave. He is positively giddy and told me that he hope it's a girl. To be perfectly honest, I have been rather nervous lately. In truth, I'm a little jealous of him, Anna. Patience is a virtue, eh?

26 - Sebastian overhears the scientists talking about a man, and balks at the idea that they're sitting in the forest looking for what he presumes is an escaped convict.

I just saw two scientists from the compound approaching the medical ward. It being sunset, I was able to go unnoticed behind a tree. I know I should not have been eavesdropping, but I heard snatches of what they were saying, and it was very peculiar. They were talking about a man, possibly an escaped convict, somewhere in the forest, and that they hoped they were closer to a point of capture. Capture? All this time we've been chasing some poor bastard on the run? But even though this man wasn't the one that wandered into our camp, I have to admit, I'm a little disappointed, my darling. To have dozens of the Führer's best men hunting a single man in the woods? It doesn't matter how important he is, he's still just one man. Chances are he's dead of exposure or starvation. Well, I suppose I should sleep... I should keep my strength up for our dead man hunting party.

27 - Sebastian goes into the village with a letter for Clara from Finn. The town immediately grows more suspicious of the soldier's involvement in the nearby salt mines and begin to

question what they're doing there.

Well, I began the day in good spirits. Your Sebastian was press-ganged into playing Cupid by our own love-sick puppy. Finn folded a note into my hand just as a group of us were about to head into the village. Said I was to personally ensure it made it to his Aphrodite. I presumed he meant Clara -- the little one has already begun to show! Poor dear, she was somewhat surprised to see it and blushed a deep scarlet before snatching the note away from my hands. What struck me... was that she never smiled. Nothing more than a slight embarrassed grimace. I hope her love is not growing cold. I wish I could say her cool behavior was the only strange happenstance and yet... as we were collecting supplies, we found the villagers to be quite. Short. With us. I hope it is not due to Finn's... indiscretion. After all, the boy is harmless and I am certain he fully intends to make good on marrying Clara. It is certainly a cause for concern, however, if it could create difficulty in getting our supplies in the future. I think I shall have to speak with Finn myself. If the poor boy cannot rectify the situation, I think we shall be forced to inform the powers that be.

28 - Another group of soldiers retul asked some residents about that stout boy that wandered into our camp, the one who resembled Albert, the butcher's son. They know nothing of him, his description doesn't fit anyone they could account for. This raises more questions about the peculiar fellow. I'm reporting this new information to Heine, for he will no doubt find this useful. Unless he's gotten through to him, I hear he still hasn't broken the language barrier. A translator might be ordered in, if he's really desperate.

rn from patrol with a fox, crippled and mutilated not unlike the stag earlier. The animal is still alive and breathing haggardly as they take it to the scientists. Sebastian remarks on how handsome a creature it must have been, and notes the peculiar coloring on its tail.

I don't know if I will even sleep tonight. Three soldiers -- One named Wilhelm, I believe, and two of his underlings -- came back from patrol carrying between them... what was once a fox, but my Anna, I don't believe there was enough of the fox left to truly call it that. It was so like the stag from so long ago -- the stag that had scarcely begun to fade from my dreams. The fox. I could only recognize it by its handsome orange pelt. How many of those have hung in my shed... and yet I can say with certainty that no creature I ever captured suffered as this one had. No man could be so cruel. No animal could be so inventive in its... handiwork. All, save its right leg, had been completely removed. Its right leg was hanging by a thin, red, moist thread. Where its tail had been, there were two, yellow stubby vertebrae that curled inward as tightly as they could. I could only hope that any spinal injury could have numbed some of the pain. Its entrails. Everything was gone, save the heart, lungs, and a solitary eye dangling from its socket. This was cruelty unlike anything I could ever imagine. Something had clearly, carefully... I can hardly think of it... torn into this creature in such a way so as to keep it alive the longest. I could see the tiny organs inflating and deflating, pearly streaked with live-giving red. The sight of its body distracted me, I realized, and I came closer to look into Reynard's intact eye. A clear, beautiful brown eye. It's handsomeness almost made up for its lack of ears and a snout. A round, tooth



studded hole stretched meekly at me as it wheezed. Wilhelm spoke, but I only vaguely saw his mouth move out of the corner of my eye. I only vaguely felt his baritone voice buzz in my ear. “--we ought to show it to the labcoats, don’t you agree?” I nodded, I believe, though what I meant to do was implore them to euthanize it. They left with it soon after, not wanting to cause a stir among the troops, I suppose. Anna, I only laid eyes on that creature for less than a minute and yet the memory, the image of that writhing animal will never. Ever. Leave me.

29 - Sebastian is called in to help with Lars’ treatment, much of which involves Lars lashing out violently at Sebastian. The former continues to have no memory of these incidents. On patrols, Sebastian starts seeing a strange symbol carved into the trees (the Observer symbol). (Odal)

I apologize for the delay. I am sorry if my last entry alarmed you. I wish I could say I sleep easier, but I can’t say it has been an easy couple of weeks. A few days after... the last entry, one of the scientists, Dr. Lindemann came to see me. He asked me a series of questions about Lars. I told him we were not good friends, but reasonably genial. This seemed to satisfy him, and I was allowed to join the patrol. We’ve been seeing signs of the Odal around the forest -- undoubtedly some overzealous private has taken to carving the symbol into trees. Most are cheered by the sight, but I must admit I find it slightly eerie. Besides, no one has stepped forward to take the credit. It is all very strange, but I’ve taken to marking them in my field map. Who knows, it could potentially prove useful.

--Later--

They asked me to help with Lars’ treatment. Anna, I can’t understand why they don’t simply give the boy a discharge and send him home. During the day, he seems... capable enough, if a little distracted. The way I saw him tonight, my love, he is clearly unfit for duty. He is unfit for human company. When I entered the room, he was confined in another, smaller room, entirely made of glass. His unblinking eyes followed me, hunger etched in every vein. I asked what they had done to him, and they instructed me not to ask questions or discuss any of what I saw here among the soldiers outside on pain of dishonorable discharge. I don’t think if I told anyone else they could ever believe me. I was told to ask him questions -- apparently before I came he refused to answer any questions, only ask for me. Now that I was there, I was given a list and instructed to read it aloud, and to take care not to think too deeply on anything.

I have to admit, though this first night was a bit of a blur, I remember some peculiar things.

I asked: Have you been in contact with the thing in the woods?

He answered: The intimacy of the stolen kisses you and your beloved have shared cannot compete with that of my master and myself.

I asked: Can he speak?

He answered: He has no need of speech -- no need of such primitive instruments as tongues, teeth, lips...

I asked: How does he communicate with you?

At this point, he merely beat his head and screamed... not screams of pain, but ecstasy, punctuated by a horrible laugh. It ended abruptly, at which point he flew at me, shaking the thick glass with such force I could feel it in the floor. Finally...

He answered: He wants you. He wants Finn. He wants all of us. Desperately. We are so lucky. Only we will do.

At this point, I was allowed to leave, and I was only too happy to. It's sick. He's sick. And yet I can't help but keep from looking into thinning beech trees during the gloom of dusk. Whatever it is... I hope to God it's not contagious.

30 - Sebastian and Ännchen's relationship anniversary.

Can it already be May? I haven't forgotten, my love. The Fifth. I'm sorry I can't see you, or give you an anniversary gift. Instead, I think I shall tell you a story.

It is a story about a young man, a man who was celebrating his first employment with his friends. They were fairly young, around twenty years of age, but that did not prevent them from appearing once more at the local pub. But this night, this night changed the lives of this young man and an unassuming waitress for the better.

It was a weekend like any other - the band of brothers sitting at a table, eating heartily and drinking in victory, the kind waitress, as lovely in appearance as she was in heart, and the other patrons, loud and boisterous and enjoying themselves, eating the food of this fine establishment.

As the young man temporarily left this table to partake in some business, he passed by an exquisite piece of artwork on the makeshift gallery in the restaurant. It was a piece of two lovers embracing, their bodies entwined in such a way that their shapes were both separate and one simultaneously, as if they were two plants that shared the same root. The urge he felt earlier dissipated, replaced with a new one - an urge to find this artist so that he may praise them on this beautiful piece that was lifted straight from his dreams.

The young man returned to his brothers, informing them that he would return once again after speaking to the owner, and to continue in their merrymaking. He asked the waitress to bring him to the owner, as he wanted to have a word with him. She led the man promptly and seemed terrified, but relaxed when she saw his smile. One can only assume that asking for the manager must feel like a walk on a pirate's plank when serving food to others.

Alas, the young man had nothing but praise towards the manager, for the hearty food, the lovely waitress, and the brilliant artist of the piece that had enraptured his being. But what a surprise, the artist was there with him all along! The waitress was the artist, having been inspired by Klimt's Kiss, she painted what she envisioned as the souls of two lovers, tied by fate.

That was the first time either of them had met, and he frequented the place more and more, anxious to see if she had any new pieces up, and nervous to speak to such a wonderful being. He befriended her easily, her charm putting the simple young man at ease, and as the years went by, he knew that she was an important piece in her life, as the embracing figures were important in each others.

Pardon my rambling, dear Annchen, but the lover of creative and artistic expression in me seems to have taken over once again. My memory of the first time we met will only be second to my dreams of our future together. I cannot wait to see you again, and I cannot wait to see your face when I present you with a daring secret.

The time grows late and the light grows dim, signs that I have been in the past for too long, so I leave you now, my love, and will return to you once my time here is finished.

31 - Sebastian finds his bag ransacked, though he can't tell what is missing. There are fox tracks around the area.

I think we had a visitor last night! I found my rucksack overturned, everything scattered, and all I have to guess the culprit is a flurry of fox tracks. How strange that he would venture so near our camp.... The poor thing must have been searching for food -- perhaps he smelled the ghosts of the sausages I snuck with me on last patrol! Nothing was missing, no harm done. I wonder if he was a relative of our most unfortunate recent visitor. If I haven't mentioned it already, I have begun on writing a play. It's a comedy about twelve men of the same tribe who get lost in the forest gathering food during a famine, but they come out changed men, changed for the better. Each character will represent a particular negative aspect, and after each character has a powerful spiritual experience they exit the forest righteously as corrected souls, and overcoming their negative habits. It is an idea I have had since I was a boy, a giant metaphor for brotherly companionship. I have a few names picked out, "The Sinful Twelve", "Tribe of Twelve", "Brothers of Sin".

Another nosebleed today, worse than the last. I find it strange that I am getting them more often, I haven't had them since I started my service for at least a year or so. Hans says it's something about the pressure in the forest, and Richard jokes about vampires. I suppose it could be stress caused by our separation, I do miss you quite dearly, Anna.

31.5 - Edward

A curious day today. I was summoned to Sgt. Heine at sunrise. I was very worried, for I initially

thought that this journal was going to be confiscated, our mission being as secret as we were told it was. To my surprise, when I entered Heine's tent, there was a man tied to a chair with a sack over his head in the corner. Heine gave the order, and the sack was removed to reveal the unnamed wanderer who had chanced upon our camp. I refer to him as Albert with the others, the name stuck with us. He looked a terrible mess, they had interrogated him something awful. Blood stains on his face and a black eye. He looked straight at me with glassy blue eyes, it was unnerving. I was puzzled to my summons until Heine told me that he had finally said something, a name. My name, my full name, again and again with other words I could not recognize. I didn't know what Albert was blabbering about in the least, but the tone in which he spoke sounded somehow sincere. Heine suspected me of something for sure, but I implored him that I have no idea who he is or where he came from. I explained that the boy must have heard one of the other soldiers call my name, even though I found it curious how my last name was revealed to him, I do not remember any mention of it at all lately from anyone. Frustrated with me, Heine says that a translator is being commissioned tomorrow and dismissed me.

I do hope the mystery behind this strange individual is solved, he doesn't seem like a threat in the least. Albert had no weapons on him at all when he was detained, in fact, the only reason Heine ordered to detain him as long as he has been was because of some radio he had in his pocket that the camp engineer suspected to be of Allied origin. It was a first time I got a good look at his portly face. He was no doubt an Irishman, heaving deeply. I suppose they have evidence to suspect him a rat. Unfortunately, he is not the only mystery that we've been having to deal with lately, and I fear that he isn't the last either, considering our entire mission itself is a mystery, including what our target actually is.

32 - Villagers decide one day to restrict access to soldiers, blaming them for the recent massacre of the town's animals, including livestock and pets, saying that they've angered the local monster or something. Finn continues to communicate with Clara through letters secreted out, though it is becoming harder and harder to do so.

Uproar! The Fuhrer will be furious -- I'm sure word is being sent now. Festerburg has decided to restrict our access, insisting that we visit only with smaller parties and that we must pay for our lodging in retribution for what they believe is soldier-instigated loss of livestock. They are a complete disgrace to the Nation, and I can only imagine that we are mere orders from seizing the town by force.

Let me go back. I was in the supply party, Finn's letter to Clara tucked away in my hat, and the moment we entered the square, we were met by some 10, 15 people who declared themselves representatives of Festerburg. I have not told Finn, but Clara's father was among their number, and he looked especially harrowing. I wonder if his anger is fueled by his daughter's pregnancy. He should be proud. She carries a pure Aryan child. At any rate, they explained that, somehow, some of their grazing livestock had been found riddled with bullets, with their eyes removed, and that clearly we were to blame. And that was not all. Apparently pets had been falling prey to the unknown sniper as well. One woman had the audacity to wave a dead cat in my face! As though

she doesn't owe her livelihood to the likes of us!

Still, we kept the peace, and were allowed to collect our supplies after some negotiations on the squad leader's part. I volunteered to collect the bread, hoping that I would meet Clara there -- after all, a promise is a promise, and perhaps her fealty to her lover will ensure that she is better than her traitorous father. I was not disappointed. Ah Anna, you should have seen her. She was practically glowing. As I handed her the letter, she whispered an apology in my ear, and handed me an extra bag that she asked me to pass on directly to Finn. She will make a good wife, my Anna. I hope after we all return home we will keep in touch. Could you imagine raising little ones beside such people of excellent quality?

And such a brave soul, too. I pray you won't be jealous, Anna. I merely praise her as someone who is so good to Finn and as an example of goodness among the wicked. When I gave Finn the bag of loaves, he immediately found the letter she had hidden within it. How he blushed! It seems she had written begging to join us in camp, saying she could no longer stand the poison environment in which she lived! Totally impossible, of course, but the idea I admit, was not without merit. I told Finn to put it out of his mind -- imagine the jealous looks from the others...

33 - On patrol, Finn lays eyes on a man dressed in black a ways from the trail. When he calls the attention of the patrol to it, it disappears. Finn is encouraged to make a report. Command sets the team on high alert. More Odal symbols on the trees.

Progress! At last, I feel like there is purpose to our being here, and Finn's lucky eyes are responsible for the first sighting. It seems we are at last on the trail of our quarry. As we made our second pass around my favorite clearing (I've named it Wolf's Glen), I saw a few new Odals carved into some trees slightly off the trail. Strangely enough, I noticed that our patriotic friend seems to be trying to send us a message -- I noticed they were all facing in the direction of our camp. I showed it to Finn, curious, and he elected to explore the trail-of-use a little while the rest of us took our midday rest.

This is what he told me:

At first, I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Among all the lush greens and browns of our forest, there was a streak of black. Unnatural -- it could only be human! It was still. So still, so tall, so thin, I thought it might have been a tree had it not been that all-devouring shade of black. Strange clothing for a man on the run, I suppose, but there could be no other explanation. I crept closer, eager to catch a glimpse of his face -- it was clear he was bald and terribly pale. How a man living in the elements could maintain such a complexion was beyond my understanding. I might have envied him a little, actually. But the man would not turn. I heard laughter. It sounded like it was miles away... and strangely... hours away. I turned my head to seek him, and when I looked back how disappointed I was! -- the man had disappeared.

That was what he said. Meanwhile, we had been ready to head back to camp, when I noticed

that Finn was still missing. We searched and searched, and I looked along the path I had shown him, with the Odals, but could not find him. It was as though he had disappeared into thin air. The lieutenant suspected Finn had deserted, and was fuming, even though I tried to assure him that he had merely gone scouting. I endured my own lecture here, for allowing Finn to scout alone. I explained I didn't feel it was a problem -- the lack of any other kind of life made it unlikely for him to be attacked. How little I knew, Anna!

In the end, it was I who found Finn again (and I was grateful, earning back some of my dignity), a ways along the trail of the Odals. I told him that we had been searching for him for the better part of an hour. "I had only been away for a few minutes, and that I was merely tracking something unusual," he said. He was very pale. We scoured the area, trying to make use of what precious little daylight we had left. To no avail. The strange figure was gone. Still, the sighting seemed to have given the men a new vigour, even if a few of them turned to look at Finn with an odd sort of look. One that said that perhaps they felt the forest was getting the better of the boy. He was encouraged to make a report, which assures me of his sanity. Whatever he saw had the officers interested. That was good enough for me. I know, now that we have a visual and a possible connection with the Odals, we'll lay hands on the bastard within the month! I've been inspired recently, so I'm adding an element to the play I have been writing. A monster. As it is now, it is a comedy, but a dull one at that. Perhaps the addition of a monster will spice up my project.

34 - Finn admits to Sebastian that, though at first the man appeared to be facing away from him, it seemed that it stared just as eagerly at him as he had at it, and begins to tell him how he seemed familiar, as though he had seen him before, though Lars interrupts him, telling him to shut up and go to sleep. Finn explains to Sebastian the local monster legend, as Clara has told him.

Albert has escaped! He must have wiggled free from his bindings and made a run for it. A search party was dispatched as soon as the news broke, but we could find neither hide nor hair of him. Heine of course is furious, for today the translator was to arrive. I suppose cancelling the whole thing would infuriate me too, but I feel an odd sympathy for the fellow, he seemed no harm in the least. I wish him well back to wherever he was going. Godspeed, Albert.

Finn was on the last run to the village for supplies. Since I had gone, a few men had been arrested for inciting rebellion against the Reich, so I was told that the climate, while muted, was fairly cooperative. I was glad for him, that he was able to steal a few moments with Clara. She was looking well, he said, if a little thinner than he'd like for the mother of his child. He told her of his discovery, and that, as soon as we captured the man, we'd no longer be imposing on Festerburg, and to take heart. Anna, this will sound slightly pompous of me, but I am glad I fell in love with a city-girl. These superstitious country types are sometimes rather... quaint.

Clara, it seems, was not entirely surprised to hear of this sighting. Evidently, there is a local legend among the people of Festerburg of a demon that dwells in this forest. She described it as

a wight, draped in black and feeding off of the souls of living creatures. Clearly nonsense, designed to scare children. It's actually rather sad that it's managed to affect Clara even into adulthood. I thought it unfortunate, really, that Finn's sighting might cause mania, as people come to believe it's true. However, he then said that Clara told him the village elders perform rituals in order to keep their own safe from this creature. Do you know, I suddenly felt an understanding for the way we had been treated. Clearly these are simple people who like as not thought we were disturbing some kind of childish charm.

Apparently the elders have sacrificed animals to this ghost for as long as anyone can remember. How disconcertingly *tribal* of them. The Führer would certainly not approve of such cruelty against their kept animals. This explains the stone fairy-rings with animal carcasses we saw on our early patrols nearer to Festerburg. Altars. Disgraceful.

What is most disconcerting, however, is that Finn seems to have bought into at least part of the fairy story. As he spoke, he stroked his knife, as though to calm himself. He confided in me something that had been troubling him since the sighting. He told me that he lied when he said he had not seen the man's face. He told me that when he stared at the man, it seemed to him the man was staring back at him, despite a lack of eyes. Despite a lack of all facial features whatsoever. I tried to comfort him, to assure him that there was no truth to Clara's story, and that he had merely not seen the man's face. He was difficult to convince. Still I might have done it had Lars not entered the tent, demanded that we be silent, and fell into an immediate sleep in his cot. Finn will be fine. He merely needs sleep. We all do.

35 - Sebastian goes in again to help with Lars' treatment. The scientists examine him more thoroughly than they have before, and also give him capsules, claiming that he appears to be exhibiting signs of anemia. Slightly suspicious, Sebastian takes them but decides not to take them.

I awoke today with a fright, my pillow florid with crimson. My nose had bled profusely overnight, and I was covered in blood! I was half convinced that it was some terrible dream.

They called me in again to help with Lars' treatment, though truthfully I saw Lars but little. Most of my time was spent waiting on doctors. They poked and prodded me for hours, drawing blood -- even taking hair samples! They told me they merely want to be sure that the late nights coupled with the early days of patrol have not taken any toll on my health. They sent me away with a little bottle of white pills -- for anemia, they said. The trouble with pills is, they all tend to look the same. I can't say I don't have my suspicions.... I've never been anemic, and haven't noticed any abnormal fatigue... and I've never been comfortable with taking unnecessary medication.... I don't think I shall take them just yet.

36 - Clara is found dead in the nearby river. They find the symbol from the woods carved into her left cheek. Sebastian takes it upon himself to keep Finn under suicide watch, taking his gun from him.

Ach, weh. More terrible news. Terrible, terrible news. Clara has died. Her body was found upstream in our freshwater river by one of our scouts. Finn... is devastated. When he heard the news, he insisted that the man who found her body was lying and nearly wrestled him into submission. There was such a strong connection between them; their love was true. We went to her, I followed Finn to keep an eye on him. When he reached her, he stood over her, silently. No one approached. Finn's friends, myself included, formed a guard of sorts. He was by her side for hours, and when it came time to usher him back to camp, he became so hysterical that he had to be restrained, tied to a tree, sobbing and mumbling her name to himself. Oh, but Ännchen, if you were in the same position, heaven forbid, I would have reacted likewise.

I tried not to look while he was by her. But after he was dragged away, I couldn't stop myself. I immediately regretted it, after being sick into a nearby bush. Her body was found in the most bizarre condition I have ever witnessed. I was immediately reminded of our fox, our Reynard from earlier -- and of the first deer. In a way, she resembled a porcelain doll carelessly tossed from a table. Her face was nearly perfect, and the loss of blood meant that her skin had a pearly glow in the light of the evening. A glow that made the odal someone had carved into her cheek stand out with dreadful clarity. It must have been him. The man in black....

But her body. It was utterly broken. Her chest... cracked open, pulled apart like an oyster, and that had once been inside was gone. She was an empty shell, her heart, her lungs, all organs removed.

But that isn't the worst of it, Anna. That isn't what drove Finn mad, I'm convinced. What drove him mad, was the fact that Clara was no longer pregnant when he saw her. Her belly was torn open. The child was gone.

Anna, if there was anything that could make me believe in the existence of a wight... of a demon....

That was yesterday. Today, I volunteered with a few others to travel to the village to deliver the news, pay our respects, and obtain information. The townsfolk told us that Clara had been missing for several days prior to our discovery. A friend of hers, a little thing in a green dress, came to me afterwards and told me that Clara had fled in the night to be with Finn. Apparently, Clara feared that, after we had caught our man they would not let her be with her lover. The little girl was so distraught -- she told me that she warned Clara that the forest is a dangerous realm at night, and such a venture was so foolhardy that God might not protect her for flaunting her safety and the safety of her unborn child. But, in the end, she left.

Finn finally calmed down enough to return to our tent. Lars complained loudly about having to share our tent with a lunatic, but I shut him up with a blow to the face. Finn has slept for most of the day. I'm determined to keep an eye on him. I fear he will be driven to suicide.



Strange, he's taken to mumbling in his sleep. Always the same word. A name.

Bridget.

37 - More on Finn as he slowly begins to recover. He carries the knife visibly at all times. Mutti is pregnant again.

They say that time heals all wounds, but what if that wound is fatal? It has been a week since our discovery of Clara's body and Finn has calmed down considerably, thankfully. However, I feel that Finn is still internally tormented by the death of his lover. He carries his knife, the knife that Clara gave him, with him always, and has effectively become a mute. Hour upon hour is spent in his tent staring at the sole photo of Clara that she had given him. Although he is calm externally, I know that he is raging inside. I have learned that within silence lies a distinct anguish. On one of the rare chances that I have gotten him to speak, he sternly tells me his conviction that the monster of the wood has murdered her and that he has devoted himself to finding it. The more I take it upon myself to ponder the legitimate cause of Clara's death, the more I believe that it must be the target our team is searching for.

On the more positive side of things, Mutti is pregnant again. I am trying to remain optimistic in these harrowing times, but I find it harder to maintain with each misfortune that befalls us.

38 - Lots of activity around the facility, as the scientists appear to have determined something important about the man they are pursuing.

Buzzing, buzzing, the labcoats are buzzing about again! They fly in and out of their tents like swarms of excited white bees. It seems they've determined something interesting about our quarry. If it leads to the bastard's capture, so much the better.

Lars has been better, of late. Clearer. Almost cheerful at times. He was recently allowed to go on the latest supply run to the village. When he returned, he tossed me a package wrapped in paper.

"What's this?"

"Open it."

"Aww Lars, you shouldn't have. I have no gift for you."

He smirked. "It's just something I thought you would like."

I unwrapped it. Inside was a mask, mouth grinning agape, representing comedy. It was as well made as any professional thing. Since have begun writing the play, I have been asking them about my project for inspiration, since I had planned to base all twelve tribesmen off of them,

and talked to Lars the most about it. And he was right, I immediately had an affinity for it. I smiled and thanked him.

“You’ll have to use it now. Put on a play for us, Sebast-chen. Write us a play.”

I laughed. It felt good. To give a little laugh when everything is so bleak We enjoy joking around like this, it’s what keeps us together, keeps us sane in this prison of a forest. I know that Lars and I have had our differences. But I truly believe him to be good at heart.

39 - Sebastian goes with Lars to his treatment once again, although this time, when it’s time to return to camp, Lars is ordered to stay overnight.

Another session with Lars. I’m beginning to think this... hypnosis or whatever it is they do to him may be harming rather than helping him. All civility, all friendliness completely disappears from his personality. He’s more animal than human, unfortunately capable of speech.

“I see your little friend was rewarded with a glimpse of our master.”

“You mean the man in the woods? What do you know about him?”

“He wasn’t pleased at being seen so early. Not pleased at all.”

“So what’s he going to do about it?”

“Oh he’s satisfied now. He took for himself a tribute.”

I was on my feet in seconds. I forgot that it was Lars. I forgot that the thing sitting in front of me was my friend, was just a man who was tired and shaken by the war. I forgot that everything he was saying was probably just some kind of bizarre parroting of our worries, our fears, of what Finn and I have been saying in our sleep.

I never made it to him. The labcoats had two men at my side in seconds. I screamed at him with such rage that I saw the spit fly from my mouth.

“DID HE TAKE CLARA? DID HE DO THAT TO HER? DID YOU? SPEAK, YOU SON OF A BITCH.”

Lars, or whatever he had become, merely laughed in response. I don’t know what came over me. I was wrestled to the ground and in a moment a doctor was seated on my chest with a revolver pointed directly at my forehead.

“You haven’t been taking your medicine, Private Kraus.”

I was as still as I have ever been. I hardly dared to breathe. How did they... how could they...?

"How very disappointing. Do you need a refill? Perhaps we'll supervise your first dose."

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a white, perfectly round pill. I jerked my head back, I don't think I could reason properly, and must have looked like a dog refusing its medication. They held my nose shut and when I gasped for breath, they dropped it into my mouth. I nearly choked on it. In the end, I won, and I think that... perhaps it was a lie that it was for anemia. My brain feels full of fog, but I... think it may be for anxiety. We've all been under a lot of stress. I can only imagine what Lars might have been like if he wasn't taking it, poor soul.

It is all for the best, I'm sure of it. I'm not even sure why I fought it for so long. A pity they had to restrain me thusly, but now I understand. Immediately after I calmed myself, I was sent home. I waited for Lars a while, but when the lights in the reception area were shut off, I went home alone.

40 - Finn describes in full what happened when he first laid eyes on the man in black in the forest. The entire time, he's playing with the knife Clara gave him. He describes his mind being searched and scanned and violated. He also describes the dream about Bridget that he began to tell several months ago (before Lars discouraged him) revealing that he believed she was to be his unborn daughter. Still no sign of Lars. Mutti has given birth, only to have eaten her young.

Finn spoke to me for the first time in two weeks today. We were alone. I was cleaning my gun, he, his knife. When I heard his voice, I nearly jumped from shock. He asked me if he could tell me what happened when he saw the man in the woods. I assured him that he could tell me again if he wished, but that I already knew what had happened. Finn never looked up from his knife.

"It wasn't a man."

"Finn, I know what you're thinking, but how could it possibly be--"

"It was inside my head."

"You mean... you imagined him?"

Finn looked at me so sadly that I was shocked into silence. "No. That's how it found out about Clara. It read my mind. I could feel it, like tendrils dissecting my thoughts. I thought of things... I haven't thought of in a long time. I remembered accidentally burning my sister when she was a baby. I remembered my first hunting trip, where I discovered I had shot a pregnant doe. My father was so disappointed he wouldn't speak to me for days. I remembered the first day of training, when I was so exhausted by the day's activities I vomited my entire insides behind the barracks and was forced to clean it up myself. I thought I'd never survive.

It saw Clara. I will never forgive myself for thinking of her when I was so frightened. I damned her, Sebastian. And I damned Bridget.”

“Finn, who is Bridget?”

I looked at him, and he was no longer on his chair, but on the floor on his knees. His mouth opened and closed noiselessly, but tears flowed freely down his face. When he spoke, his voice was suddenly broken and hoarse.

“She is... oh Sebastian. She was going to be my daughter.”

I said nothing. I prayed that his quiet sobs would not leave the tent. That we would be left undisturbed. That Lars, who had not returned for days, would not suddenly appear in the entryway.

“I saw her in my dreams. I spoke with her. She was so beautiful. The very image of her mother, but when I looked at her it was my own eyes that looked back into me. They were so sad. She spoke about how she couldn’t wait to meet me. I eagerly told her that it wouldn’t be long. That soon she would be born and we would all live together happily.... She told me that she was sorry, that it would be a longer wait than that. Sebastian. I thought that she meant the war would keep me away for longer. I thought she meant that I would only have to wait a few years to meet my darling little girl. But she’s gone now!”

He was hysterical. I lunged for his knife, but he snatched it away at the last second, slicing my hand open as he did so.

“Christ, Sebastian. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

I didn’t make a sound. Wordlessly, I took a bandage and began to bind my hand. Luckily it was my left -- no problems writing, my love. I couldn’t be angry with him. It was a good knife and the wound didn’t hurt much, and was not too deep.

“I know what you’re thinking, but I’m not. I’m not going to kill myself. Not until I have that thing’s head on a stick. Just you wait, Sebastian. Just you wait.”

40.5 - The compound is buzzing with activity and anxiety. Sebastian receives word from a young scout that they have found what they have been looking for and lured it into the test facility.

It’s only been a few hours since my last entry, but I wanted to give a quick update. This place is full of commotion. Labcoats are running to and fro -- probably more exercise than they’ve gotten in months. All whispering to each other. I asked a young scout with better ears than mine to

translate. He said, all they've been saying is, "We've got him! Target Acquired!"

41 - Sebastian, Finn, and the rest of the soldiers are called into the facility and stationed around various parts of the laboratory. He peers into the bell jar in the center of the room, but is ordered not to look at it and instead watch the guards. Lars does not appear to be in the facility. The glimpse he caught confirms it to be a man in black. Finally revealed that this all has been for a project called "Fuchsaugen".

There has been a dramatic turn of events! It has been confirmed from the highest ranks that our objective has been achieved! The man that we have sought for so long has been captured! They did it, I do not know how, but they have done it. Details on the events that lead to the capture are very vague and uncertain, but from what I've gathered, scientists from another battalion nearby had somehow lured him into some containment vessel. We were all astonished that it was the scientists who managed to apprehend him and not us soldiers with all our arms and firepower. We have now received word that the party has since transported the vessel with the being into the salt mines. Finn in particular was a bit disappointed, and I can tell from his eyes that he has not given up his goal. He might have the opportunity to fulfill it after all.

Our entire squadron has reportedly been recommissioned to the salt mines as well. However, here's the intriguing part, the salt mines are not salt mines at all. At least, not anymore. Apparently, this Bavarian Salt Mine contains a secret laboratory complex that had been built, hidden far beneath the ground. They won't tell us this directly, but rumors from others seem to confirm that these laboratories are known to exist by no one but high ranking officials and scientists, guarded under extreme secrecy. The facility has been referred to as "Napoleon Laboratory". We are to serve as guards. We are not allowed to ask questions, only to obey orders. This is very exciting. This "Fuchsaugen" mission has become much more interesting than my initial appraisal.

#### 41.5 - The descent into the lab

When we arrived back at the facility atop the salt mine, we were led past the office that we were initially briefed our mission in and down a dark corridor. We were lead, blindly, through a concrete labyrinth of twists and turns, through many an identical secret doors, until we reached one that was bolted shut. It was like what you would see on a submarine, emblazoned with a Swastika and one word: "Napoleon." Our chaperone, a large man in a lab coat who was accompanying us turned the hatch door wheel and the immense door opened with a shrill creak. A sickeningly sweet, sterile smell blasted at us. It was air with everything that made it air clarified out of it. Beyond it were a flight of stairs that descended several stories before revealing an industrial lift. The lift seemed to descend into forever as we approached the laboratory; it must have traveled at least half a kilometer. My ears popped and my pulse quickened as we traveled a long tube to another maze of hallways and doors. I never could stand enclosed spaces, could I, Anna? Finally, behind another equally large hatch door, we arrived at our

station, the laboratory where the creature was to be held, "Chamber 12". The notion that there are other chambers with the possibility of experimenting on such... things in this underground facility bothers me greatly, but it is not my place to question such confidentialities out of my pay grade.

We came into a larger space, and while my claustrophobia eased, my sense of malaise did not wane. Quite the contrary. The laboratory, you see, is a large dome shaped atrium, at least five stories in height by nearly twice as much in diameter, reinforced with large steel girders curved to the walls. It is like we are in the maw of a massive metal creature. It is surrounded by observation rooms filled with beeping and whirring machines operated by busy scientists, hugging the circumference of the atrium and lined with thick windows.

But the real attraction is the man himself, the men refer to him as 'monster' and 'tall suit'. In one of the rooms adjacent to the atrium, he stands in a bell jar in the center of the dome, his pale head like a light in a lantern. What a shock I received as its image fell into my gaze and my imaginations - what Finn told me - were realized before my eyes. They locked onto the figure in the jar, and I could not help but think of a moth captivated to flame. The man, from what I saw, was far more real than I had imagined -- far too tall to be dismissed as a normal man and dressed in a formal suit, complete with tie - he was positively dapper! But. No face. Completely without a face. How could this man be alive? How could such an abomination not have been aborted by Mother Nature?

Finn, who was in front of me, began to mutter to himself silently, never taking his eyes off of the man. His fingers drummed a tattoo on the hilt of his knife as if ready to unsheath it at any moment. I suddenly wished I had said something to the Lieutenant. What if he jeopardized the entire mission? What if he put us in danger? I resolved then and there to speak with him when we returned to camp. After one last glimpse of the man who had haunted our patrols, we entered a small room to be briefed on our duties as guards.

As I write this, I am in our sleeping quarters. I am going to miss the night sky. The first shift is already at their posts (Finn with them, blast) and I have few hours of rest before I have a go at mine, and I am worried as ever, but I feel that writing in this journal is the closest I've been to you in a long while, my sweet Ännchen. The thought of you soothes my troubled nerves and gives me the drive to continue on. Nothing will deter me from seeing you again, my love. Perhaps the monsters in the woods are as real as the enemy beyond our borders after all.

42 - Day two of having the Slender Man on observation. It appears to stand motionless, and looks more like a wax figurine, particularly with the mask it is wearing -- that which must obscure his face. Tests reveal a lack of measurable heart and/or respiration rate. That evening Sebastian decides to ask Sgt. Heine about Lars. The Sergeant replies brusquely and advises Sebastian not to ask any more questions.

The mysterious being -- I have been forced to call it that. There's no other explanation for it. It is

just as Finn described it: tall, slender, and faceless. It has been under observation for all of two days now, and it shows no signs of wanting to escape - at least as far as I've heard from men around the camp. Now stationed in the "Napoleon Laboratory," I feel a sense of disquiet and dread whenever I am near the room containing the unknown. The others tell me it is indeed a man, and surely he must be wearing some form of mask, as no eyes, nose or mouth are to be seen. It appears to stand motionless, and looks more like a wax figurine. I don't know what to think. The scientists have been murmuring about the thing as if he is an entirely different species, sometimes the man is referred to more as an object than a living being. According to them, he appears to have no noticeable heartbeat, pulse, or even respiration rate. I do not see how any creature, human or not, can be alive without a heart to pump blood and lungs to take in air. It could possibly be that the rates are so low they are undetectable, but the machines here are like nothing I've ever seen. Giant machines that record and store data, scaling the walls of the underground laboratory and as tall as houses.

The laboratory made me think, lately, of Lars. It's been so long since I've seen him -- they stopped calling me in to see him the day they ensured I was taking my medication. I decided to ask Sgt. Heine about him -- what was the harm, after all? I posed the question and immediately after I regretted it. His look was so stern I felt it slap against my face.

"I think you should take care, Private. The only ones allowed to ask questions around here are the labcoats. Watch yourself."

43 - Day three. Madness as scientists have discovered the thing has vanished. All troops are sent out on reconnaissance, with the instructions to not engage the creature. There is no sign of him.

Sirens -- I feel my ears have been torn apart. It's gone. Just like that. We were alerted today that the thing has vanished. The scientists are dumbfounded and we were put on high alert and ordered to scour the nearby woods -- it can't have gotten very far. I still can't believe it, though I saw the empty chamber with my own eyes. I was in the room with Finn when the phone call was made to the Führer himself. I could hear his shouts at the director from the phone. He was quite livid. I am numb as I write this; some have rumoured that the thing has superhuman abilities. How on earth could we match that? And why am I so quick to believe such outlandish rumors? It could be anywhere, and we're out in the damned woods. I can't decide in my head who is hunting who, especially since we've been ordered not to engage the creature. Apparently they want it back alive. If we can ever find it. I hope we never do.

44 - A week later. Still no sign of Lars as patrols continue. More and more trees are covered with the Observer symbol -- sometimes multiple symbols on each tree. Sebastian starts to see it in his sleep. Finn is getting worse/sleeping less.

I don't think there is a tree in this forest that hasn't been marked with the Odal. Each one, big and small, sits watching our camp. Some of them even have companions -- little brother and

sister odals occupying one tree. I know now that there is something bigger than us carving these things. There is something here that is trying to claim this land back from the Nazi party, I know it. But not just the land. I have begun to see it in my sleep. It hovers over my head, watching me like some kind of cycloptic being. Finn hasn't spoken more than a few words to me since our last talk, but I can tell. We are all being watched.

45 - Sebastian wakes in the middle of the night to find Finn going through his bags. Finn appears to have moved past depression into occasional bouts of hysterics followed by brief catatonia. Night terrors/sleepwalking?

He's finally asleep again. I just caught Finn going through my things. I don't know what he was looking for. Everything is still there, even that grinning mask that Lars gave me. It feels like years ago. I hope he is alright, wherever he is. Finn, it seems, has been breaking apart. We spoke, some time ago, and I was able to convince him that the scientists would do far worse to the creature than he ever could. He would get his revenge. But since its disappearance... In rank, he's normal enough, but he's taken to having night terrors. When I stopped him from searching my bags, he began to scream as though my touch burned him. When he finally awoke, he didn't say a thing, but went and lay on his bed with his eyes open for at least an hour. It's only now that I feel I can write. Now, at least, that his eyes are shut again. I hope to God that we find it. We must find it again. If only so that we can have a good night's rest again.

46 - It's back in the bell jar. As though it had never moved, still standing there with its mad head cocked to one side in mock curiosity. One scientist (Dr. Hüber) in particular has gained its interest, and it seems to face him no matter where he goes. Sebastian overhears the scientists say that is it physically impossible for its lack of face to be attributed to a mask. All experiments from now on are video record.

It's back. It is back behind the glass! How it got there, and when, no one seems to know. As I scribble down my thoughts, I see the thing standing in the chamber like it had never left. Could it all have been a dream? Would that this could be the dream, or nightmare rather, and that we could awaken knowing that this creature was simply the product of our war-torn minds. If only we could be so lucky. Upon receiving news of its return, we immediately returned to the laboratory. The scientists are running around rooms and hallways, turning knobs and dials like mad. Where did he go and how did he get back? Perhaps it possesses some bizarre camouflage ability like that of the chameleon? How was such a creature even transported down to such a depth to begin with? The mystery in this facility knows no bounds.

47 - Tests begin as urgently as possible, beginning with attempts at communication. Recordings of people speaking in various languages are played constantly into the bell jar, awaiting any kind of response from the creature. It never responds to anything, except when Dr. Hüber announces the conclusion of this particular phase of testing, at which point it cocks its head to the side like a dog.



Today, I awoke from a dark dream. I was in a shadowy hallway, illuminated only by moonlight from a solitary window. I could only move forward, but not back. The end of the hallway was shrouded in a black veil. I felt reluctant to move forward, but at the same time, oddly compelled. The element that made the whole thing unnerving for me was the fact that I knew there was something at the end of the hallway, even though my eyes tried to convince otherwise. I woke before I identified the person in question. I vaguely remember two small dots of light making their way through the darkness, and a shine of teeth. God knows what it could have meant. The content of my peculiar dreams will certainly occupy my mind on those long patrols.

My fellow men and I traded our theories of what the thing is at the mess hall. Arnold said that he believed it to be a creature from outer space. A younger private called Brunn argued that it was clearly some sort of mystical demon, summoned to punish us. One blurted an outrageous theory that the Allies had resorted to magic and sent a wraith to haunt us. Yet another told tall tales of a former experiment that got loose. These claims all seem equally ridiculous to me, but I can't help but feel that they somehow may hold shreds of credence. The notion that any of these assertions have the possibility to be valid greatly disturbs me.

They've begun tests on the man. I ended up with a position guarding one of the entrances to one of the rooms adjacent to the atrium. Through a large glass window I could see the tests being performed. However, I quickly realized that I didn't have to use my eyes to understand what was happening. The head scientist, Dr. Hüber is his name, seems to have ordered recordings of various languages to be played, in an attempt to get the man to show some recognition of human language. Perhaps that would reveal to us his origin. German seems to elicit no response. He simply stands there, staring as only a man without eyes can. I am concerned... but for another reason than you might think. Though I only observe from afar, I see in Dr. Hüber the same kind of intensity I see in Finn. I think... it must be an effect the creature has. With each passing language, the good doctor seemed to grow increasingly anxious, knocking things over and running into people. Tonight, however, Dr. Hüber turned his back on the thing and announced that, as the creature would not show any signs of comprehension, that it was his belief that it was not sentient, and that he would personally supervise further testing.

It moved. A tiny movement, like a dog that has heard a strange sound. I was going to say something, but I felt my mouth suddenly go dry and my tongue feel thick and clumsy in my mouth. I... I think it was possibly a sign. I don't want to draw attention to myself, not here. Perhaps it was a trick of the light. Whatever it was, they'll find out soon enough.

48 - Dr. Hüber is under great strain, and Sebastian as well as another soldier are ordered to guard him throughout the next day's testing, which involves Hüber's sole interaction with the creature. He is ill, several times, and maintains that any communication that even might be happening is purely one sided. He begs the other scientists to use The Conduit (Henka Visae) instead of him. He is ignored.

Dr. Hüber continues to conduct testing on his own, despite his own protests, on which I shall

elaborate below. Young Brunn and I were actually selected to be his personal guard, as he would allow no other scientists to observe. He was even hesitant to allow us, and tried to convince the Lieutenant to force us to guard unarmed. Thank God he was unsuccessful. I don't want to be within 100 feet of that thing without my revolver.

Guarding testing is thankfully uneventful. Dr. Hüber generally stands, making notes and checking dials while muttering to himself, sometimes yelling in contempt. The creature, meanwhile, resembles a scarecrow. It stands, almost perfectly motionless, but for a tiny swaying. I... don't say these things in fear of getting into trouble, but I have noticed that Dr. Hüber has begun to sway in a complementary rhythm.

However, I think the doctor has begun to notice something is amiss, for I overheard him requesting help from something called "The Conduit." He was immediately denied, and when he was offered his old team of scientists back, he immediately refused.

I tried bringing up to oddity of this situation to Brunn, but he merely laughed it away. Not the brightest. I would love to share it with Finn, but the poor boy's already close to breaking point. If only Lars was here. I can only assume that they deemed him unfit for duty and sent him back home. Lucky.

49 - QUESTION: Does Dr. Hüber physically experience these things, or are they psychological? Which is scarier? They move on to other testing. Dr. Hüber is made to administer all tests himself. Scientists decide to see if they can get a rise out of the creature by somehow making its environment uncomfortable. They begin with temperature tests. First they lower the temperature in the jar to 0 Celsius. Hüber has been struck dumb. Sebastian notes that the tips of his fingers get a ruddy hue with blotches of yellow. Sebastian admits to feeling some cold while the experiment was happening.

Hüber is definitely thinner. I noticed it today when he asked me to grab him his lab coat. Once a man with some substance to his body, the coat now hangs on his shoulders like a blanket. I thought it strange that he was still being forced to work when he looks as though he is wasting away. However, I suspect it may be a punishment. He has asked to be transferred several times and even now it seems like he is as much under observation as the man. Then, Brunn and I were given orders... I can barely write this down.... Orders to incapacitate Hüber should he try to leave before testing is completed for the day.

I can't help but think things here have gotten out of control. I wish I could say that these orders are the strangest thing I've witnessed in the past few days, but....

The experiments have taken on a completely new character. They've ceased trying to communicate by normal means -- speaking, sign language, morse code, radio waves, etc. -- and have moved on to trying to bring about any kind of response at all. Lately, Hüber was allowed a small team of scientists that were chosen for him... and as far as I can tell they've

been using changes in the creature's environment.

They began today with temperature. Evidently the tubes and wires connected to the jar do something, as a white gas poured out of them, apparently lowering the temperature until a thin frost appeared on the roof of the jar. It seemed to take no notice. But while everyone was busy watching the creature, My eyes were drawn to Hüber. He stood stock-still -- even the swaying had stopped. He remained that way until the temperature in the jar was returned to normal. When he breathed again, it was unremarkable, as though he had merely been paused and continued life as normal. But I saw a wild fear in his eyes, Anna, and as he walked past me to return to his quarters, I saw him rubbing his hands together urgently. As he passed, I swear I could feel a breath of cold -- like when the door of a café is opened and shut in midwinter. But as soon as I felt it, it was gone.

50 - Next day, they raise the temperature and humidity in the jar. Hüber turns pallid and begins to sweat. After 15 minutes of increasingly higher temperatures, he screams for mercy, never taking his eyes off of Slender Man, until passing out from heat stroke. The scientists do nothing, continuing to observe, until Sebastian takes it upon himself to call for help, which they do, grudgingly.

I was right. My worst suspicions from yesterday have become a reality, I'm certain of it. My God, I have never been so sorry to be right.

Hüber was clearly distraught as he stared through the glass. As if he knew what was about to happen to him. Today, they continued the temperature experiments with heat. I could hear a low hum after he gave the orders to light the burners with a horrible grimace. I looked around, and noticed below the bell jar that an immense furnace was heating the bottom of the glass. After several minutes, the smooth, cool, glass bottom became visibly red and glazed. The being inside continued to show no signs of discomfort. Instead, it was Dr. Hüber himself who seemed to be in pain. He grew red in the face, beads of sweat formed on his brow and rolled down his head, his breathing became loud and laborious. One supervising scientist asked Hüber something, and he responded very firmly to not stop the experiment until some change was observed. Just when it seemed as if the glass was to become molten, Hüber collapsed and began convulsing on the floor. The supervising scientists did nothing, continuing to observe. At this point, I couldn't take such a sight, even if it was for science, even for our mission. I called for backup. They immediately stopped the experiment and he carried him out of the room. I noticed that the assistants appeared very uncomfortable and sweaty themselves. I turned back to the creature, its head cocked to one side again. I cannot tell if it is a gesture of confusion or amusement or any understanding whatsoever, for there is no face to emote. This truly disturbs me. What can we learn from this enigma if it is a being of pure ambiguity? I fear that this scientific venture may prove completely fruitless, and all of the money funding these unorthodox spectacles will have been spent in vain.

--Later, 4am--

My dreams are becoming more distressing and vivid with each passing slumber. I find myself in a neglected, dank washroom that feels like it has been deprived a proper cleaning in many years. Staring at myself in the crusty mirror, my teeth began to come loose and dance on my tongue, falling out into the murky sink. I try to collect them, but they elude my grasp and escape down the drain. My hair begins to fall out in patches, my voice nonexistent as my lips begin to stick together. There is a pounding on the washroom door, and I turn to it. I look back to the mirror and I am wearing the theatre mask that Lars had gifted me. It won't come off. Suddenly, the door to the washroom opens, and on the other side is the atrium. The man stands outside of the glass and stares at me, even though I can not prove such a thing. I stare back, until I realize that my vision dims as my eyes recede into my head and... I awoke in a cold sweat. The first thing I did was run my hands over my face. Still there. Thank God. Still there. No mask.

51 - The next experiment is done from another room, by an intern who has had minimal contact with the Slender Man. It is a sort of control test, where they use recordings of Hüber's voice from all the previous experiments to announce what is happening, without actually following through with the physical experiments. Nothing happens. SM seems to stop responding to Hüber's voice and appears bored.

Hüber's gone, poor bastard. Christ knows where they've taken him. I can't imagine he'd be allowed to go home. This time, they've brought some young intern to administer the tests, but keeping recordings of Hüber's commands, to see if the creature continues to respond. It didn't. It's gone back to being completely passive, no strange head-tilts in sight. I swear, if I didn't know any better, I'd think it was bored.

52 - Long entry after a little break. The day after the control experiment, everyone returns to the lab to find the SM gone. This time, they assume he's been helped, and their suspicion immediately falls on The Conduit. **It predicted the disappearance.** They begin interrogation, though Sebastian does not see it. Evidently, it is not going well. Sebastian is brought in to help -- though he is at first perplexed why, he discovers it is because this Subject is in fact Lars. He is the "good cop" in these interrogations, and Lars alternates between cries of fear and pain and eerie statements implying that SM will return to do more experiments. Sebastian tries to correct him -- they're the ones experimenting on him. Lars laughs.

My head is spinning. So much has happened over the past few days -- I don't know if I'm asleep standing up. The morning after the patrol, we awoke to chaos in the lab: once again, the blasted thing had escaped again! We were ready to recommence our manhunt, but just as I was pulling on my boots (praying for it to either reappear in the jar or stay disappeared), I was ordered to follow Sergeant Heine. He said, I would be of better service to my country in the facility than in the field.

As we descended another staircase, I was briefed. The sergeant explained that this time it appeared that the creature had had help escaping. I stopped dead in my tracks. Who would be

so stupid as to unleash that thing that was so wrong. Heine grabbed my arm and pulled me along, explaining that I was going to assist in an interrogation. Our subject: The Conduit.

I opened my mouth to ask questions, but immediately shut it again when the cell was opened. I now understood why I had been pulled aside to help interrogate our subject. I did not understand how he had earned the name “Henka Visae” and why he was being held here. I did not know if I was surprised or angry or betrayed. Eerily enough, I seemed the only one at a loss. When I entered the cell, Lars looked up at me as though I was merely returning from having taken a piss. A grin -- his grin -- but I could tell in his eyes that he was not the Lars I knew.

“Welcome, Sebastian. Long time no see.”

I looked to Heine for advice, but he merely stood there observing.

“Hi, Lars.”

“Have they not told you my name? How embarrassing. I am Henka Visae.”

“Funny, you look like Lars. You sound like Lars. I don’t know any Henka.”

Heine approached suddenly, “Okay, enough with the small talk, private. I brought you here to question him, not to flirt. Get on with it.”

I took a deep breath. “Lars, did you help this thing upstairs escape? They seem to think it was you.”

“And so they should,” he smirked. “Even if it is untrue.”

“Lars, listen, maybe if you cooperate, they’ll let you go. You can come back with me and Finn, or maybe they’ll even send you home! Just... if you know something, tell us. How did the creature escape?”

Suddenly that smirk disappeared, there was a snarl on his face as he screamed, wrenching himself against the bonds that held him to his seat. In that moment, I saw my friend Lars disappear. I knew, in that distorted being in front of me, that Lars still lived, but I don’t think I would ever be able to see him clearly again. When he spoke again, his voice was haggard.

“Sebastian, Sebastian *please*.”

“Lars, I can’t help you unless you tell me what you know.”

I had almost forgotten Heine. Before I could do anything he struck Lars in the abdomen with the butt of his gun. I moved to stop him but froze when I received a look that clearly said, “you’re

next if you're not careful."

"You have to get them past a certain point, private. Then they'll tell you anything," Heine chuckled.

"Why can't you just be glad that he's gone?" Lars wheezed. "Why can't you just forget about him and go home! Christ, you'd think you people *like* being tortured and experimented on...."

I felt my blood freeze, Anna. My mouth went dry again, but I forced myself to speak through it. "Lars, what are you saying..."

I didn't get another word after that. He started laughing, completely without mirth, but like a sound that does not know if it is born of glee or despair. It rang in the cell until Heine whipped his gun against Lars' head, knocking him out cold.

Heine walked me back to my quarters. I was given extra privileges at meals, and told that if I breathed a word of anything that just happened to anyone that I would be immediately executed for treason.

53 - Sebastian is extremely tired. He was roused from his cot in the early hours of the morning with the rest of the soldiers because one of the scientists swore they saw SM roaming around the laboratory of his own free will. Soldiers patrol the labs and are unable to find anything.

So tired. Another dream. I keep trying to remember it, but I was right in the middle when Brunn shook me, told me that the thing was sighted by some scientist. From what they've heard, it was roaming the laboratories of its own free will. The rest of the soldiers and I suited up and went searching the facility for a good four hours. No trace of him. We cannot tell if that scientist, Dr. Korbel, had something odd in his pipe, or if his sighting was legitimate. Korbel said explicitly that he was in one of the observation rooms with Dr. Hüber, Brunn, and myself when he sighted the man. This is impossible, of course, because Brunn and I were not with either doctor at all today. Before coming to security, he had been reported missing for several hours by his superiors, so he could have fallen and hit his head and hallucinated the whole thing. He seemed very distressed, coffee was spilled all over his lab coat. Since then, Dr. Korbel has been taken to the infirmary for psychological evaluation. I heard that he vomited all the way there, perhaps he has food poisoning? I'm just glad I didn't get cleaning duty. Also, our sleeping hours have been slightly reduced and patrolling hours longer until the man is found.

Normally, I would have been infuriated at this, for you know how much I value a good night's rest, my dear Anna, but it's becoming clear to me that the longer I remain confined in this complex, the harder it is to enjoy such simple luxuries. I miss the sun and open air like a fish in a jar misses the ocean. Sleep has become full of depressing nightmares, not unlike the waking world of this hell. At times, I can't differentiate slumber from consciousness. Perhaps it's the pressure down here? The air? Maybe it's homesickness getting to my head. Or has the

mysterious being has breathed impurities into my soul? Only one thing is for certain, my love, I cannot wait to leave this horrid place and return within your arms.

#### 53.5 - Edward's return

Albert has returned! Perhaps he is some sort of Allied spy, how else would he come back to find us? They found him on the surface, wandering around the entrance to the salt mine. I saw them drag him down one of the halls. I tell you, Albert must be some survivalist if he has been tracking us all this way, he's wearing the same damn clothes that he escaped with! Sgt. Heine ordered for him to be taken down into the facility for detainment and questioning. I hear that they think that the radio he had on him was some sort of tracking device. I know that Heine is still very suspicious of me because Albert said my name, but I honestly do not know him any more than my fellow men, so I have nothing to truly fear.

54 - This entry should be completely about Finn, who has deteriorated after being virtually completely ignored by Sebastian. He speaks with Sebastian at length, saying he wants to kill himself, but knows that it's a sin. He takes his gun and walks into the forest, but before he goes, he gives Sebastian the knife and tells him it's useless anyways. In order for it to work, it needs to be fed the blood of the innocent (this will need to be worded better). Sebastian doesn't stop him, knowing he'll be shot for desertion if he's caught.

Anna, do you know what it's like to abandon a friend? When you're young, and you change schools, after a while you forget about the people you left behind. And, you assume, they forget about you. Such is the way of things. But what happens when you abandon someone in spirit? You still see them day to day but....

Finn hasn't been returning to our quarters until after I've been asleep. I don't know where he's been. Last night, when I woke to find him feverishly packing, I didn't think to ask. I only asked the obvious -- "Where are you going?"

"You're awake," Finn said flatly.

"Finn, what on earth are you thinking?"

"Sebastian, shut up and listen a minute. I'm leaving."

"To find the creature? You can't--"

"What did I say?" His eyes. They were filled with tears. "I don't care if I find him or not. I was going to leave a note, but I guess since you're awake, I'll just tell you. I haven't slept in a week. Maybe more. You see, Sebastian, when I don't sleep, I can see Bridget more clearly. She's here now, giving me courage. All this time, every hour that goes by I've wanted to put a bullet in my head in hopes of seeing her again. She always looks a little sad when I mention it to her. I think

because suicide is a sin. Will I go to hell if I do it, Sebastian? Would it be any different than here and now? I can't risk it. So this is what I'm doing. I am taking my gun, and I am giving you this."

The knife. I had no breath in me to speak.

"I know. It's useless anyways. Clara told me it needs to soak up the blood of an innocent to work. No one around here fits that description. Stop it, if you can. My only mission now is to be reunited with my wife and child."

I couldn't even look at him. All this time he was falling apart and I was... distracted. I felt guilty, but at the same time, this can't be my fault, can it, Anna? This is war. I watched him walk out the door and prayed he would make it to the surface without incident.

If he's caught, he'll be shot for desertion. Maybe that's his plan.

#### 54.5 - Edward 2

Again, I was summoned to Heine about Albert. Dr. Hüber was with him when I arrived and Albert too, his arms bound. This time, the circumstances of the meeting were even stranger. Albert had apparently taken a pen and written something on the back of a document. At the top was an inscription with my name in English "Sebastian Kraus, use the knife". Below that, a small drawing of a dagger with something dripping off of it, an arrow pointing right, and a drawing of a tall man in a suit - the creature. Heine questioned me about how Albert knew about the tall man, but Hüber seemed more interested in the drawings, the blade in particular. This was all so confusing to me, and I insisted that I knew nothing of this person, his ramblings or artwork. After a long session of discussion that lead absolutely nowhere, I was dismissed back to my post. The look in Albert's eyes was even more piercing than the last time I had seen him. They screamed at me in his silence, like I should understand his curious scribbles. I wonder if I ever will.

#### 55 - SM has returned. Time travel shenanigans.

What absolute havoc this mission has become. I was patrolling with Brunn -- Dr. Hüber was with us -- when the most astounding thing occurred. We walked into one of the many windowed rooms bordering the atrium, we noted without surprise that the bell jar was still empty. He began rambling about how incompetent we were when I noticed there was someone else in the room with us. In the corner sitting at a table and sipping coffee was Dr. Korbel. Puzzled, Dr. Hüber asked him why the medical ward had released him so early. Korbel insisted that he has never been in the infirmary or had ever even been feeling ill as of late. Hüber became enraged, shouting at Korbel to quit playing games when Brunn let out a shrill yelp. He was there. Blocking our exit. How could one man so thin so completely block a door that broad? We both drew our guns, but Hüber swatted them down and shouted at us to not fire. Let me tell you, my sweetest Anna, I have never felt so afraid. Staring into the empty pale oval that formed its head was



bewitching, hypnotizing. I could not move a muscle, and I doubt that Brunn could either, for, doctor or not, he would have gone for the kill already. Strangely enough, Hüber still could move and walked slowly towards the figure, arms outstretched. Before our eyes, strange protrusions emerged from the creature, like oil leaking from a cracked barrel. They writhed and danced in the air like adders. There was this sinister sensation, like my mind was being invaded and probed by something. There was a sudden... jump, as though my senses shut off and restarted in the blink of an eye and the next thing we knew, it was gone. Brunn and I had recovered from our paralysis and ran out into the hall to find no sign of anyone. After a moment I realized I was going to be sick and vomited into a wastebasket. It heartened me to hear Brunn dry heaving in the corner. At least I wasn't alone. Back in the room, we heard Hüber began laughing eerily. We returned to find him leaning his hands on the window, staring at the bell jar. The creature was back within the glass. He began to talk about this "Advanced movement" as he calls it, chuckling to himself a bit. Brunn walked over to join Hüber, teeth gritting, and pounded his fist on the window. I turned to check on Dr. Korbelt. He was gone. This is when Private Arnold passed by the doorway and noticed us. He called for others to come immediately when he saw us.

"Where have you all been?"

"We've been in here!" I said, "Arnold, look, the man is back behind the glass!"

"We know, Sebastian," he replied, "it has been back in the jar for a week now."

Brunn began arguing with Arnold and the men that had gathered at the room's entrance, saying that they should quit drinking on the job. Arnold retorted that Dr. Hüber, Brunn, and myself had been missing for an entire week. I inquired about Dr. Korbelt, if Arnold or his men had seen him exit the room, for he was supposed to be in the infirmary. They told me that Korbelt had been in the infirmary for two weeks straight now. Brunn continued to argue with the soldiers, but Hüber just sat down, his hand covering his grinning mouth, stared at the being in jar, and giggled to himself. As all this unfolded, I began to think a sickening thought: who is really behind the glass? The creature, or us?

56 - They've decided, partially in punishment, to force Subject Alpha(?) to proctor the examinations. Sebastian doesn't think this is a good idea and wonders if he can save Lars somehow. Electrical experiment. Sebastian tastes electricity in his mouth. (With the end of every test, the Slender Man cocks his head sideways)

Since the incident, Hüber's been given leave within the facility. Rumor has it he's under psychiatric evaluation. Thankfully, in the chaos of that week, no one was severely punished for having disappeared for a week. Just a few extra hours in the kitchens.

Here's the biggest surprise. Lars has been dredged up from his cell to continue conducting the experiments. I think it may be a punishment for being uncooperative earlier on. I think it's a bad idea -- he clearly thinks himself an ally of this creature, and putting him near it seems a recipe

for disaster. But, if I'm in close proximity with him... maybe I could save him. Even if I was unable to save Finn, maybe I can still save Lars.

The experiments have gotten more aggressive. Today was the first round of electrical experiments. The change in the man was apparent from the moment Lars was led through the door. If he moved his head with curiosity at Dr. Hüber, the creature seemed almost taken with Lars. The lightning arched off the creature's back, but all he could do was gaze at Lars, who grinned back, mouthing nonsense. As the volts were increased, though there was no change in the man's reaction, I felt the hair on my head and on my arms stand on end. I looked wildly around -- a couple of scientists shifted uncomfortably in their seats. Towards the end I tasted something that was not unlike ozone. The taste lingered even after everything was shut off for the day. Even more peculiar, when I reached the door to our quarters, I received quite a powerful shock. It cracked like a whip and felt like one too. Hopefully... it's just an effect from the nature of the experiments. Yes. That makes sense.

56.5 - Gas/acidity experiment. Mustard gas / Zyklon B gas (toxic or corrosive gasses) are used. The most powerful of acids and bases are administered. No change is observed. Several scientists are found collapsed, foaming at the mouth. He thinks Lars is enjoying performing the experiments.

Albert has disappeared again. I swear the boy is related to Houdini, there was no way that he could have possibly left the facility without someone knowing. The room that he was contained in was locked shut and had no other vents or doors he could have used to exit. Another search party was started, but I already knew that he wasn't going to be found. Again, Heine is enraged, for another translator commission has to be cancelled. His anger makes all of us snicker. I do worry that Albert may be working for the other side, but I can't help but think about the picture he drew with my name. What significance does it hold, what was he trying to tell me? Something about the creature? I'll have to ponder about this more tonight.

Lars won't look at me. It's like I'm not even here.

I think we've gone past trying to communicate with this thing. We must be trying to kill it. Gas was administered -- first mustard gas, but when that was found to have no effect (I worry that there is a tiny leak in that jar, my eyes began itching like mad), the lab coats switched to Zyklon B! It flooded the chamber but was almost immediately suctioned out after two scientists in an adjacent room who were running the computers collapsed, foaming at the mouth and bleeding profusely from their ears. Others were found to be wheezing and were taken to the infirmary, but two people died. They must have died. They were covered in red and green spots as though they had been doused in the stuff.

This is ridiculous. I can't explain what's happening, but it's clear our staff -- German people! -- are suffering. And to what end? We aren't even allowed to know why we are trying to make a dent in this thing, it is instead affecting us! If anything could make me lose heart Anna, I would

say it is the unnecessary deaths of good German people.

I'm not alone in my outrage, but I dare not say anything. Several soldiers approached Sgt. Heine after the experiment today to ask permission to close down. His response? He merely laughed. Said something along the lines of, "We finally got the fucking thing. Let the eggheads test it."

57 - Water experiment. The jar is flooded. No bubbles form. When measuring the water displacement, it is observed that there was absolutely no displacement. The subject has no detectable mass or weight. The water has also not changed at all. Sebastian finds it hard to breathe, feels like he's choking on water / drowning.

Another terrible nose bleed in my sleep, I've lost count of how many I've been having. Perhaps it was my nightmare that got the blood flowing, or my pounding headache upon waking that did it, but something tells me otherwise. It's the others. What worries me is that they seem to be suffering the same symptoms. I know some lie, because they fail to wipe away some of the dried red from under their noses, but Arnold and Fritz and Hans have confirmed that they have also had this same exact problem. The scientists say it is completely normal, something to do with the machines and frequencies and other technical nonsense. I fear that they are lying to us to keep us as docile as possible for the tests. I had a particularly horrifying one last night, chunks came out with the redness.

I caught Lars' eye. He made a mimed swimming underwater and cackled gleefully. An attempted drowning today. A large nozzle descended from an opening in the top of the jar and a torrent of water began pouring on the man. Indifferent as always, he stood and took the punishment. Strangely, as the water filled the container, I overhear the scientists remark that no bubbles have formed on the being's suit. I began to notice how irregular it appeared. Even though water was surrounding the man from all sides, it appeared as if he was not in the water - or perhaps it seemed like there was no water in the jar at all. You know how objects appear distorted and oblong when submerged in water? That did not happen here. It is a hard image to explain, but when looking through the jar, it looked like he was standing behind it, not inside. Once filled to the brim, the pump was turned off, and the water drained.

The scientists, analyzing the results were almost at a loss for words. They observed that there was absolutely no water displacement, so the creature has no detectable volume. Everyone was arguing which state of matter it should be classified in, they did not come to a consensus. Even tests on the water turned up nothing, the water is the same as it was when it was poured in, no traces of anything foreign. I'm not well versed in the sciences, but even I knew this was perplexing.

I don't want to alarm you, Anna, but today the creature looked right at me. I know, I know, you can't tell, but it did. As we were cleaning up, it shifted its gaze from Lars to... me. I couldn't breathe. Literally, my throat spasmed, ached for air but... it felt like the time I was trapped under

our boat when we overturned that summer in the lake country. After an eternity, a little female scientist bumped into me, and I felt... fine. But in those few seconds before. I swore I was about to drown on land.

57.5 - Physical experiment. A sharp implement is used to impale the Slender Man. A diamond probe is used to attempt to cut a piece of 'cloth' from the being. Not even the sharpest implements would do anything to remove a piece of the creature. Lars, as if entranced, goes to collect a sample of the being himself with scissors. He enters the chamber before he could be stopped. He is somehow able to remove a small square of material. He remarks that once a the piece was removed, the missing section reappeared, as if nothing were removed. Remarkably, the cloth revealed no special properties or qualities. Just an ordinary piece of suit cloth with a normal mass. The section of cloth is sent to Dr. Huber, who fervently requests to see it.

Everyone was nervous today, as scheduled next was the more dangerous and unpredictable of the tests. We were told that this experiment was to entail attempting to physically manipulate the creature. The glass was lifted, exposing the man, and a large mechanical arm lowered from the ceiling. On the end of it were several implements, none of which I could identify in the least. It appeared to be operated by several scientists at a large control panel. First, a dull headed probe extended from the arm and poked at the man. Despite the being's tallness, it did not sway or recoil from this force. There was no movement whatsoever, as if it were anchored to an immovable object. The scientists were talking to each other with nervous tones. They remarked that even though they poked at the thing, no resistance was detected, as if there was a malfunction. Next, a very thin probe was deployed. The room went dead silent at this. The sharp apparatus was slowly driven through the being, impaling him right through the tie. As it sunk further into its body, the scientists began clamoring wildly. Not only did they remark about the lack of resistance, the tip of the probe had not come out of the creature's back, it had mysteriously disappeared within its torso. It made no sense. When this was noticed, the scientists began to retract the probe immediately. The implement was removed in one piece, not broken or bent in any way.

Next, a piece of the being was to be gathered for testing. A diamond tipped blade was used to try and remove a small section of what appeared to be the man's suit. Despite all attempts, nothing was able to be removed and progress was made. I was so fixed on watching the experiment being performed, I had nearly forgotten about Lars. He was gone, no where in the room. I alerted the others and there was a large commotion. Heine came with the others and scolded me, even though I told him that Lars couldn't have gotten out because the door was locked. Suddenly, the scientists shouted at us. Lars was in the chamber. He had somehow gotten down into the atrium catwalks and was standing in front of the creature. Everyone, including the Sergeant, was rendered mute. To my knowledge, the chamber was completely sealed, how the hell could this have happened? From what I saw, Lars reached into his pocket and pulled out his blade. Walking closer, his smile turned into a grin. I do not know how to explain it, but he managed to cut a small section of suit material off of the man successfully. With his normal steel blade! Our jaws were on the floor. He then walked a few steps away from

the jar and collapsed, just as the creature's head cocked to the side. The bell jar was lowered and he was apprehended by some men in protective outfits.

Lars is now back in containment, his mouth was twisted in such a strange way. From what I've heard from the scientists, the material that Lars removed didn't make any sense to them. The cloth piece revealed no special properties or qualities. It was a normal piece of woollen fabric. Everyone is both angry and confused at the results, or lack thereof.

58 - Entry he can't remember writing. About being lost in the woods (foreshadowing the madness that is coming....)

There were trees everywhere. As far as the eyes can see. I've made it back, but to what? The woods called to me dearest Anna, and I gave into the call. I walked and wandered around for God knows how long. I ventured in further than I ever have before, but it felt satisfying. I didn't know where I was or where I was going, but it was a welcome feeling. It was as if some other force was guiding me along the path I took and I was happy to let it guide me. As I walked there were no worries, there was no fear, no war, just myself, the force and the endless woods. The calming force that let me feel satisfied, that warm feeling that nothing will go wrong. It was so soothing in light of recent events, and relaxing in ways I've never known. Life was providing me with entertainment during my walk. I saw a little rabbit, not unlike the ones here on base, and its foot was caught in something. It was amusing watching it attempt to get free, but to no avail. At the time I thought "Little rabbit, you cannot free yourself, so why bother trying?" I kept watching the rabbit for a while, until it tired itself out -- it had actually bored me to see it stop struggling. I feel like I should take strolls like these more often, if they leave me as peaceful as this afterwards. I shall leave you to sleep, dear. Pleasant dreams.

*Notes in the margin: I do not remember writing this. When did I write this?*

59 - Writes about how he can't remember the previous entry. Radiation experiment. Decides he's going to try and break Lars out tonight. Huber becomes very angry and shouts at the glass.

What on earth was that last entry? I apologize for it, my darling, but I think I'll leave it in. With all the strange goings on, I think it will make sense in time. My memory is becoming clouded with nonsense, I need to stay focused is all.

At any rate. They let Dr. Hüber out from wherever they've been keeping him. Today is an especially momentous occasion. Not only are we continuing testing on the creature, but we are also using newly discovered and contained radioactive isotopes to try and elicit a response. The nosebleeds are now a daily occurrence. I've become accustomed to the routine of cleaning them as I wake to the red mess. The more blood I find, the more worried I am for my health. In other news... I think I'm going to try and figure out a way to get Lars away from here, possibly tonight. This has to end sometime, and I feel that he may be the key. At any rate, to breakfast, my love, more later!

--Later--

Well, so much for breakfast. I'm afraid your Sebastian must have caught some food poisoning. Nausea and terribly strong torsions in my abdomen.

The experiment itself was not very eventful. The radiation itself did not have a color, so we could hardly tell when it was on. However, I did notice the creature looking at me curiously more and more often. Perhaps I can ask to guard the scientists in an adjacent room....

Unsurprisingly, the radiation had no effect. At this point Hüber became visibly incensed and threw himself at the glass:

"This object should not exist. It cannot be measured or manipulated in any way. It is not possible for such a bastardization of space and time to occur. Although visible to the naked eye, it emits no energy of any kind and has no detectable mass or weight. Can such an object be destroyed? How are we even able to observe it? Does it move because we move it, or of its own free will? Is it even sentient? Nothing about it is logical! The Führer wishes to drive us to madness!"

He was restrained and pulled away, but not before the man fixed his gaze narrowly on the poor doctor, who was immediately struck dumb. A blessing I suppose: he wasn't making anyone feel better. As he was dragged back to the infirmary, I caught a glimpse of that creature again, only to feel a random surge of heat that was gone as soon as it came. Rather a weak attack if you ask me. I think he's just trying to scare us.

60 - Wakes up in the middle of the night to be ill (from the radiation, though he doesn't know it). Can't remember what he was supposed to do. He tells Ännchen he loves her in his feverish haze.

Ännchen, I just woke up. Fever. More vomiting. I must have caught something. I woke up and was racing around, trying to remember something. But.. What time is it? Oh Lars is here. Perhaps... no, I cannot seem to find a clock... Ännchen, how I wish to eat your hot, delicious soup. I love you dearly. Oh I must... go... I think I'll go back to sleep.. Such a haze over my mind.. Good night.

61 - Due to lack of results, the entire experiment is called off and the Slender Man ordered to be sent to secure containment until further notice, and then shit goes down.  
(Here, Sebastian should get interrupted mid-entry before the event happens)

At last. You may be seeing your Sebastian sooner than later, my darling! The experiments have been called off due to lack of results (someone must have gotten through to Heine). It seems the creature is to be sent to a secure containment facility and half of us soldiers will be sent home - with honors no less! I hope they send Lars home as well. The sooner he gets real help,

the better. I know the doctors here have not had his best interests at heart.

In other news, rumor has it Hüber is fighting food poisoning himself -- a few of the other soldier and scientists seem to have contracted it. I spent much of last night in a fog fumbling around for light -- anything -- even a candle. Jack, a private from Berlin seems to have the worst of it. He actually ran screaming like he was on fire all the way to the infirmary. Ah well, a few days' rest and

62 - Sees Lars in the distance. Chases after him. Finds nothing/something else.

Damn! I saw Lars, I *just saw him*. He's gone. I chased him by some linden trees -- by the Wolf's Glen -- but as he rounded the corner he just vanished into thin air. I feel worse than ever.

63 - Decides to go after it.

Christ almighty help me. If my prayers cannot reach you, at least let these scribbled words somehow... I'm going after it.

64 - First quiet moments after being teleported from the lab. Describes what happened in more details than 61. He decides he's going to head for the village.

I'm safe. I'm safe here. This is a good hiding place, for now. I am going to recall the events as best as I can. It may be the only way others will be able to know what happened here. Please, if anyone finds this, send it to this address:

Elisabethstraße 10  
01067 Dresden, Deutschland

Oh God.

It was that feeling. The same I had with Brunn and Hüber. Like vision winked out for a split second too long. Suddenly I was in the process of being sick on Chamber 12's floor. Other soldiers were near me -- nearly everyone I knew, but for Lars and Finn. The man was out of its jar. It -- the jar -- was completely gone. Like it had ever existed. It must have waited until we were preparing to move him. Vulnerable. Unawares. None of that mattered. My eyes watered simply looking at it. I... its... arms, almost like Shiva.

It grabbed one of the scientists -- the young lady who broke my gaze the time I thought I would drown. She froze, she could hardly make a sound as the thing lifted her off the ground, peering at her unseeingly. I could hardly stop coughing, and I noticed my pool of sick was tinged with bright streaks of blood. I thought I would faint, but two things prevented me from that blessed release of unconsciousness. One was a scream, the other, the sound of gunfire.

I looked up. The monster had begun to vivisect her. Intestines, as lank and flexible as its own many arms were coiled in its hands and spilling to the floor. The crown of her head was missing. One of the soldiers had shot her... I looked around for the man and saw another body. He had shot himself.

Seemingly bored, the thing approached Hüber, who was white as a sheet, whiter than any fear could have made him. It lowered itself slightly to eye-level with the doomed man. He entered our minds all at once, spreading like Pentacostal fire. We were all instantly, viscerally aware of its intentions and there was suddenly the taste of copper in my mouth. Several of the men, Brunn and Richard among them, immediately drew their pistols and shot themselves in the head. Franz, always skittish, misfired, freeing his right eye from his skull like a billiard. He twitched on the floor, slowly fading as blood escaped him. His left eye focused on me. Mouthing something unintelligible, he drew and shot, aiming directly, steadily, at my forehead. Out of bullets. Alas.

In an instant we were in Wolf's Glen -- far from the salt mines, given the tall trees that imposed on us from all sides. Through it was my first time outside in days, the air was not sweet, but stagnant, and it stank of ozone. One of the female scientists began to wail, the only sound in the vacuum silence, wholly unnatural, in the forest.

The sound rent my head open, but it was soon quelled, soon comforted by the forced silence from the Being. I looked upon him, and he seemed to regard me, his face, bright as the summer moon shining only for me. From the corner of my eye I could see a scientist crouched over another's body. His mouth opened and closed wordlessly, like a fish taken from the water. Wrapped around his wrists were his own entrails. The former, covered in the doctor's blood, struggled to detangle him and force his intestines back into his abdomen. I read once that the human intestine is nearly 8 meters in length.

Those of us too frightened to kill ourselves scattered, some giving chase, along with me, some into the underbrush. We ran to where it stood, it had vanished. No sight or sound could be heard besides the leaves under our feet.

I lost the others long ago. I lost the man. I lost myself. I think I can tell by the moss growing on the trees how to get to the village. It may be my only hope.

65 - Sebastian murders Finn with the knife. The fatal wound needs to be a stab in the shoulder, so that foreshadows how I accidentally kill Edward later on.

I did it. I am so completely mad I could hardly believe if it wasn't for the blood soaking into my clothes as I speak. I held Finn as he died. He came up behind me, ragged, clearly lost from searching for civilization. To see another vaguely humanoid shape... I didn't think. I just struck out. I shot the last bullet I had into his abdomen, and when I realized I was virtually unarmed patted my body for any weapon. The knife. I took it and drove it into his shoulder.



I couldn't get it out immediately. There was so much blood. I must have severed something important. Finn cried a little, reaching out to someone invisible who stood behind me. He thanked me, in the end. He thanked me.

I took the knife back and walked on, leaving droplets of blood like bread crumbs for the beast.

66 - He realizes that he is slowly dying from radiation poisoning/starvation. Is thankful (that it's radiation and not Slendy).

Ännchen, I need you to know. That thing is not the cause of my plight. I realize now, my illness is one that eats away at me, slowly, but alas I am grateful it is not directly the monster's doing. Radiation. But I will not leave this world by his doing, sweetest Anna, and right now, that realization is my hope. A relatively natural death. My hope that I can reach the village in this state, that there may be some help. I know there is little time left for me, but I am still able-bodied enough to make my way there. I may be ill, my love, and I know Death stalking me, but Death is still a ways off. I may not live to old age like I planned to with you, but I have hope I can live to see you once more.

67 - Sebastian finds the fox we talked about earlier. Kills it, skins it to eat it, finds that the flesh is still completely rotten -- completely unchanged from the mutilated creature we saw earlier.

Time does not pass in these woods. It has been night for years. A week. A few seconds. I am starving to death -- starving and dehydrated from the radiation sickness. I found a fox. I believed it a good sign, but when I skinned it to eat it, I found the flesh completely rotted, infested with maggots. They got there first, I suppose.

More protein for me. I suppose.

68 - Finds one of the nearly dead scientists (Huber?). Exposition. The scientist gives Sebastian the small piece of cloth that was removed from Slender Man, tells him that it will protect him. Takes the scientist's Walther, it only has two bullets.

I found Hüber. He was alive, but his paleness had been replaced by the deep red of massive internal hemorrhaging. It seems he received a rather stronger dose of radiation. I hid him -- he barely had the strength to speak with a voice that was clearly sending blood into his lungs with each word. In gratitude, he gave me a black piece of cloth -- he swore it was the one Lars had cut. I begged him to tell me how to beat it. To tell me anything useful, any possible information the hive of science men had ascertained from their experimentations. Without another word he began convulsing. Choked to death by his own edema.

I took his Walther. Two bullets.

69 - Only a few hours or so after entry 64 -- he figures out his entire sense of direction is

distorted. He sees a figure standing off in the distance, but he thinks it's the scientists due to the lab coat he is wearing. It's a man wearing the doctor's lab coat as well as the doctor's skinned face. There is a struggle, he shoots the man, leaving only one bullet left in the gun. He realizes the face has been tied to the front part of a skull like cloth to a mask. Behind the skull is Lars (Deadhead), his face twisted in a toothy grin. Both his palms have the Odal carved into them.

To end the life of one friend is a tragedy, like our favorite Greek plays, Anna. To end the life of two is an enormity. I was walking for days -- or was it hours? -- I am across another humanoid figure. However, I did not fire as it seemed to be wearing a lab coat. I approached cautiously, hoping to render aid but... he attacked me. His waxy face stuck with a perpetual look of stupor. I had no choice. I bore the man no grudge, but I shot him. And then I realized, Anna, it was Lars. He was wearing another man's face like a mask. I took it off and he grinned that twisted, toothy grin. Using his blood he painted an Odal on my forearm. I ran. One bullet left.

70 - First admission that he seems to be losing track of time. It feels to him as if he is walking in circles, finding himself in the same area of wood despite walking in a straight line. Doesn't understand any of the previous things he's written...He contemplates suicide with the only bullet left in the gun.

I must be walking in circles. I've scanned my previous entries for clues as to where I might be, but they must have been written by someone else. How could I ever kill Finn and Lars? When did I see Hüber? Though... I can't remember how I got the Walther. I must have taken it off of a soldier. That's it. And the knife must be red from skinning the fox. Yes. That's it.

Except it isn't. This bullet is meant for me. I know it.

71 - Later. Much later. Sebastian is in the village, safe and sound (should he comment on the radiation?). (Would it be stranger -- leave more to the imagination if he doesn't say anything about the attacks or SM or even the knife at all? That would allow the readers to imply that he's safe and sound because of the knife...) He alludes multiple times to the knife, implying that it was in many ways his savior.

Jumbled entries towards the end.

Notes: Add in a mention of "Doktor Anselm Korbel".

Dates: Add in 11/11 in places (the massive teleportation of all the scientists happens then)

Mention somewhere about Persolus (Karl) being the next owner of the journal. Sebastian needs to refer to himself at least once as a "Swain".

Village elders holding seances for the "wight". The soldiers find a circle of rocks with dead animals in them. Turns out to be the elders' doing.

Sebastian is writing a play the whole journal, finishes it in his delirium, and says he's going to "perform it"

Sebastian includes drawings of the symbols / slender man in bell jar to accompany certain journal entries

Go back into entries and make sure that sebastian is taking his pills, so that we can make it clear that he's more susceptible.

Remark about how back in the forest, there was a warning of memory lapsing or something that would equate to why Noah didn't see slender man in the beginning.

Something about Lars saying "Good Bye" like DeadHead in HAPPYBIRTHDAY

Edward helped fix some of the nazi radio equipment

Lars's father was a butcher (would explain the meat grinding in observer videos)

Include how the village members is actually a faction of the order

Sebastian keeps the journal in that nazi box. Writes about how he needs to protect the journal in his delirium.

### **Evan's Notes:**

Sgt Hiene comes and sits down with Sebastian and the privates

Are you telling stories of your wives, of your loved ones?

Yes, sgt. How are you this evening?

I'm splendid! Tell me of your wife! \*slaps shoulder\*

\*confusion\*

Tell me of your wives, continue with your stories!

He always had this big smile on his face. And he didn't seem like a man who would have particularly much to smile about. He wasn't the handsomest man in the world nor the strongest. He seemed like an average guy, but always with a beaming grin. Sometimes I would see him smiling at nothing, smiling so intensely that it looked like it hurt his face. He must be very proud for some reason, and amidst all the gloom, I suppose having a man of his confidence really bolsters our morale.

Pvt Kraus, is it? How are you?

I'm fine, and you?

Excellent, I'm excellent. Tell me, what is that you are eating?

Just some biscuits, sir.

That looks terrible! Please, have some of this. (hands can of beans)

I'm really fine, thank you.

I insist, private!

(Hanz) If you're not wanting the beans, may I have them?

Sure. (hands beans, I didn't partake in any of it)

A day later, he was vomiting profusely.

(Heine comes over) Are you sick, my friend? It must have been something you've eaten!

Heine briefs battalion on his pills. Boosts strength, keeps them awake for 3 days, but it gives them terrible psychological consequences and makes their dicks shrivel.

One of the dogs bit Sgt Heine today. No one else was around, as the dogs were kept a distance away from camp to be on watch. Now, Heine is not a very large man. He's an average looking

male, I've seen him without his military jacket and he is not a man that looks as though he would be intimidating or physically adept. Not a big man. However, when the dog bit him, Heine never faltered in his smile. In front of my very eyes, he grabbed the dog by the neck in one swift motion and raised it in the air chocking its windpipe. I heard no yelp or bark, he was holding the dog very tightly, and it died in his hand. I was the only one who witnessed this, the dogcatcher himself had his back turned and the other men were at camp eating dinner. And these were not docile pups like Dachshunds, they were German Shepards. Trained German Shepards, military grade. They hunt men. I could not take my eyes away, he noticed me standing there watching him. Still with a large smile, he looked to me and said "Oh, hello! Pvt Kraus, perhaps you should go back to eating!" Horrified, I ran back to camp. I didn't tell the others, out of fear of Heine. I doubt the others would believe such a story. Hiene, choking a hound. With one arm. Later that night, Heine gathered us up for a meeting about the dogs. "Our dogs are the finest in the world! There is no excuse for them to be so unruly. So if we are not able to control our dogs, who is to blame? Who is to be punished?" The dogcatcher, very weary said, "...I am to be punished". "And how are you to be punished?" "...I assume a flogging?" and at that, Heine let out a wheezy laugh and said "No. Get the chains." "The chains? What? I am to be flogged with chains?!" This is when Franz interrupted "Don't you think that's a bit much?" He shouted at us. "No! I am your sergeant. Here, I am the law. And the law says that you must set an example." And, I don't know how to describe this, but he made us hang the catcher right there in the woods. And if that wasn't enough, Heine pulled a chair over and stood on it in front of the catcher as we raised his body so he could be eye level with him as he died. And his smile never faltered. He turned to us with that smile and said "Now, I hope you have all learned what we are. The Third Reich is not a place for flaws." He stepped off the chair and walked calmly back to his tent. I will most surely have nightmares.

Hiene is mental. No question about it. I was taking a piss out in the woods, when I saw a man walking aimlessly amongst the trees. It was Hiene, just looking around as if trying to find something. He spotted me, and approached quickly. And if it wasn't strange enough that he came out of a part of the woods that no one was supposed to be in, not even caring that I was pissing on a tree, something was off about him as he neared. His face was, different. "Pvt. Kraus!" "Yes?" "Sebastian, you must help me," I rarely saw him look this way. His voice had a different tone, as if he was a different person suddenly. "Sgt, are you alright?" He stared at me, the look in his eyes read differently than other times I had seen the man. "...why...what was I doing out in the woods?" "I don't know, sgt Hiene, what were you doing out in the woods?" He put his hand on my shoulder and stared at the ground for a bit before saying "Sebastian, we need to go back to camp. I am very confused, I think I am very sick." The sgt I knew would not address me by my first name. It was almost as if I was meeting a completely different man in his skin. I asked, "Perhaps you have taken too many supplements? Maybe they have a negative effect on you?" At this, he looked at me confused, "Supplements? What supplements?" Hiene was clearly ill, may have hit his head or something. I say, "have a seat, you need a rest..." "No no no, you don't understand. We need to leave, we need to leave. Something is not right, something is wrong-" and then something changed with him. The look in his eyes changed, his mouth curled into a smile, and his demeanor completely changed. He inhaled deeply. "Ah! Sgt

Kraus! Excuse me, sorry if I have frightened you! I get like this sometimes. It's just my body's reaction to the supplements! I've been having too many of them and it's been getting to my head. If you'll excuse me, I'll be heading back to camp to take a nice nap." I was so taken aback by his erratic behavior that I followed him back from a far. He did not go to his tent to sleep, he went back to camp and barked more orders.

Evan 2 – 00:00

### **Adam's Notes:**

#### **For the presentation of this journal, I have a few ideas:**

1. Have a blog that updates every few days or every week as Kevin and I "translate" the entries. Both scans of the original journal and translations will be posted. I think this is a must. I just am not sure which site to use; Blogger, Wordpress, via Twitter & Twitpics, etc...Idk.
2. Somehow compile it all into a few video entries, perhaps 15 or so entries per video?
3. Blog / only one video about the entire Journal (this would be pretty lame)

I was told by director that what we were hunting for is highly classified. Neither Lars, Finn, or any of the other soldiers know what we are looking for either. They did tell us that what we are looking for is not affiliated with the Allies, like we all thought.

I saw it. It is real. The thing of nightmares. I am writing this entry right after the fact. One of the soldiers shouted and pointed out in the distance. The tall man stood there, among the trees. We were given the order to open fire upon it. It moved behind a tree and disappeared. We ran to where it stood, it had vanished. No sight or sound could be heard besides the leaves under our feet.

They did it, I do not know how, but they have done it. It has been captured!

Half of our troupe has been selected to travel to a remote salt mine where an underground laboratory has been built. Rumors between the guys say it may be in Berchtesgaden. We are to serve as guards. We are not allowed to ask questions, only to obey orders. This is very exciting.

The elevator seemed to descend forever before we reached the laboratory, it went at least half a kilometer.

He is gone! It has escaped! We were alerted today that the thing has vanished! The scientists are dumbfounded and we were put on high alert. I saw the empty chamber with my own eyes. I was in the room with Lars and Finn when the phone call was made to the Führer himself. I could hear his shouts at the director from the phone. He was quite furious. We are all on edge as I

write this.

A most mysterious event has occurred, the being has returned. It is back behind the glass! As I write this, I see the thing standing in the glass tube like it had never left. How extraordinary! Again, the scientists have no idea what has happened. They are running around the laboratory rooms, turning knobs and dials like mad. Where did he go and how did he get back?

## MILO'S JOURNAL

These are the basic points I have so far...

- Milo gets the journal from Dr. Corenthal in 1995. His signature will be in the front of the journal with an inscription (dunno what yet)
- He talks of falling off of the park ranger tower, which was why he was in the place where Corenthal met him. (I'll take care of this one) It happened when visiting Noah.
- He says he has begun seeing a tall man for the past year or so.
- \*strange occurrences here and there\*
- He notes of Noah's house fire
- His cat dies.
- He talks about school and making friends with Kevin along with a few others.
- He mentions visiting me a few times.
- He begins to talk of another person stalking him, which eventually turns out to be the observer (the symbol can be used here)
- He figures out that the symbol means that the observer can observe victims through that symbol.
- He becomes suspicious of his mother, who has always been different than other mothers. Very paranoid, twitchy, suspicious of everything. These past few years, she's been particularly odd. He mentioned how she always had this odd scar on her right palm in the shape of a shield knot <http://ill-use.com/celtic-symbols/shieldknot4.jpg>, and whenever Milo asked about it, she just burst into tears. He thinks she went crazy and cut herself.
- He overhears her one day talking to a strange man on the phone, she calls him Henka Visæ (he writes Henka Visey) (Henka Visæ is an anagram of Kevin Haas. Visæ relates to looking in latin: <http://en.wiktionary.org/wiki/visae>), someone she's been trying to contact for some time, asking some odd questions and saying strange things. She mentions Mr. Slim and Karl. Something about a protective symbol on a box. Mentioning Milo and his age.
- Somehow (maybe a tip from the phone call) Milo knows something important relating to Mr. Slim is hidden in Mary's safe.
- He finds the combination (somehow) and finds a box with an odd symbol on it (a shield knot <http://ill-use.com/celtic-symbols/shieldknot4.jpg>) found here: <http://ill-use.com/home/illmagazine-mainmenu-2/tattoo-articles-mainmenu-120/22-celtic-tattoo-symbols.html>

- (dunno if i should have him find a key) but he opens the box and he finds several papers that seem to be a loose diary of Mary Asher (and maybe other things, dunno what)
- Mary says has been in contact with Henka Visae for many years now, only via letter.
- The papers describe how she has been haunted by Mr. Slim since she was a child and she has been going through various sources in order to find out how to get rid of him. She'll list some of her theories of what he is and how he works.
- The last page Milo finds will be the page that describes how Henka has successfully helped her ward off Mr. Slim many a time and has advised her to do very strange things, like the only way to truly escape him is to be deceased. She tells of how Henka convinces her that Robert (Milo's father) is one of Mr. Slim's associates, citing evidence. She describes how she loves her sister, but thinks Noah's father is one of Mr. Slim's associates (a proxy) so in order to save the family on her sister's side, (Noah, Bill, and Shannon) she decides to kill them by burning their house down. She also describes that there is one other way that Henka tells her get rid of Mr. Slim: to 'pass down' Mr. Slim. Henka describes that in order to do this, a child must be born and a specific ritual performed regarding the cutting of the hand (you can elaborate on that).
- (the entries about this last should abruptly end)
- The next entry describes how, as he wrote the last entry, Mary found out the box was missing and found him looking at her papers. She takes them away and slamming the door on Milo, saying absolutely nothing but having a face of pure anger. Milo is left in his room to take in what he just read.
- Milo realizes his whole life has been a lie, and locks himself in his room, only opening it to eat, he has his own bathroom connected to his room.
- His writing begins to get more cryptic and he writes odd poems, draws strange pictures.
- He contemplates suicide
- His final entries should be about him making the tape in a moment of clarity (which will be found in the box with this journal) and, judging from Mary's notes, Noah - being his only cousin and close relative, would be next for Mr. Slim. He plans to leave him this box in his will. Hopefully, he will figure out how to save himself, as Milo couldn't.
- WHO IS HENKA VISAE scratched in journal

#### Alej's Notes on Milo's Journal

- Twisted psalms as poetry (Milo should be mildly adept at poetry)
- Drop Observer phrases into places in the journal (subtle)
- Leading up to suicide stops taking the pills his mother is giving him (which were sent to her by Henke via mail).
- Has a cat. Dies fairly early with picture.
- Dad died a long time ago -- Robert Asher
- Milo is 21 when he dies, was 7 when he received the journal.
- What exactly do the pills do?
- Attempt to have a girlfriend -- Mary Asher scares her off.
- Move placement of the scar to M.A.'s wrist -- keeps is covered and passes it off as a suicide attempt.
- Milo in being groomed to be the Observer begins to grow numb to the rest of the world (but for

- his eyes -- makes sense why he can see SM in the earlier entries and Noah cannot)
- SM "cough" -- what if he "learned" it when the Nazi's tried to gas him?
- Remember cloth sample for Sebastian -- Sebastian does not witness it begin taken first hand.
- Milo wakes up occasionally with cuts? (Passes it off as one of those strange little things that just happens). Could we link it to the blood of the innocent thing we're looking at earlier?
- They are ambiguously after Milo's family -- not sure why.
- Milo wakes up in the middle of the night (in the video) -- has a dream like Noah's (with the eyes)
- Milo talked to Corenthal about the Man, but doesn't remember much/thinks it was just a childhood thing. Mother mentions Corenthal?
- About 40 entries.
- Use term "Virus" to describe what is happening to him.
- Journal entries about the photos in the phone in Box Analysis. M.A. was always grooming him -- notes seeing the Man throughout Milo's life.
- Add that he collected fortune cookie fortunes and took apart electronics. (Continuity with objects in boxes)
- Make explanation for the "He knows what I have done" line
- Note the appearance of the Observer (referred to as Sentinel at the time) and possibly a predecessor.
- TIME TRAVEL EPISODE IN JOURNAL
- Milo researches Liam Wilks and Noah's babysitter Katie
- Milo remembers "dreaming" about Noah running at him on the Boardwalk.
- Milo's dead cat dies of human related claw marks and is cremated, an urn of him on the mantle
- one whole journal entry is to be about detailing ideas for Sebastian's play, "TribeTwelve"
- something in Corenthal's inscription comes back later
- Mr. Scars writes in the journal
- If Milo DID commit suicide, my guess is because he had found out he was a member of The Collective in the future and he wanted to avoid his fate.

# TENTATIVE JOURNAL

## TIMELINE

- Early milo entries: **1995 - 1997**
- **1995: Mommy took me to book club. No books, bonfire. They made me say things and pledge allegiance like the flag. They drank my blood.**
- **I ask mommy why we go to two churches. She says its to get closer to god. Closer to daddy. And to heal me because im sick.**
- **Going on family boat trip with mommy and noah and noahs parents and grandpa and grandma and uncle alex and aunt jo.**
- Family tree drawing - This is my family tree



- 1997: When he's 9 after the boat incident, his journal is lost.
- **[6 year gap] 1997 - 2003**
- **2003:** Jumps to Milo's 15<sup>th</sup> birthday, he's just starting 9<sup>th</sup> grade. He remarks about how much he has changed and how odd they all were, he doesn't remember much other than the doctor, doesn't remember the "book club". He's been taking prescriptions for a while now and he's doing ok but mom always says that he's sick, hasn't seen Slender in years. Mr. Scars lead him to Mary's safe and whispers the combination to him. He finds the journal. I lost it during that boat disaster. Why does she have this? Can't let mom know I took it.
- Gets a similar looking book with a lock at the flea market, places it in her safe.
- Slowly been investigating his mom. Milo asks about mom's scar during dinner, she says she had an accident when she was a younger. She still goes to book club every Friday, but I've never met any of them. As time has gone on, mom has read less and less books, yet she still attends the club. He's just accepted it until now. He becomes suspicious of his mother, who has always been different than other mothers. Very paranoid, twitchy, suspicious of everything. These past few years, she's been particularly odd. He mentioned how she always had this odd scar on her right palm in the shape of the severance symbol, and whenever Milo asked about it, she just burst into tears. He thinks she went crazy and cut herself after Robert died, she blames herself.
- Milo talks of his father. He had a lot of money saved up.
- On and off Stepdad Rick. He doesn't like Rick. He overhears her on the phone talking. She often talks to this one man late into the night. Doesn't know if he was from book club, but Milo figured she was cheating on Rick. She calls him Henka, someone she's been in contact with for some time now, asking some odd questions and saying strange things. She mentions Mr. Slim and Karl. Something about a protective symbol on a box. Mentioning Milo and his age.
- Book club. Mary is about to go out clubbing at 10, gets a call "But the meet isn't scheduled until Friday, I'm just about to head out to the Wine Tavern. Why what's the emergency? Emergency meeting?... ok ok, Henka? ... Alright. I'll be there." "FUCK" What is book club.
- Milo begins to see Slender Man. In dreams and now at school. Talks about Kevin. He sees his earlier entries talk of what he has said to Kevin. Kevin doesn't remember.
- Mary gets a phone call and finds out that Milo took his journal back from the vault. She beats him and grounds him. Who is Mr. Scars? She asks. He cannot tell her. She says he is grounded and does not allow him to come to Florida to visit Noah that year. If he tells Rick anything, she'll take his journal and send him off to the institute.
- he realizes that his mom can see Slender Man, no one else.
- **1998:** Mary goes to visit Noah and his parents without Milo. Somehow (maybe a tip from the phone call) Milo knows something important relating to Mr. Slim is hidden in Mary's

safe. He skips school and sneaks into his house to check on the safe, it is missing. On a hunch he checks the attic and finds it. The combination has changed.

- **1998: Noah's house burnt down.**
- Goes to visit family in NY for a barmitzvah. Grandpa Karl isn't there. They go to his house, sisters want to discuss will with him. They've brought a translator. Karl doesn't want Milo to come in. There's a lot of commotion, but he lets them in. Milo hears something "what's gonna happen to that box when you go, dad?" Karl lights a cigarette inside and then the moms move to another room to discuss expensive china. Milo reenacts his dream and finds the ammunition box behind the air vent in the closet. He opens it and finds the journal. It's leather bound, symbol is burned into the front, full of handwritten German entries. He is compelled to turn to the back and found something sewn into the back. Something dark. He feels it, a chill runs down his spine. Karl begins screaming, "Das Kind ist weg!" and running upstairs. He comes in and elbows Milo in the face, nabbing the journal. He holds it tight as a screaming match ensues.
- "What do you mean Karl filed a restraining order? Just me? Not Sharon? What the fuck?" All this over a book. Book club. What is book club.
- **Milo blurts out at the dinner table that mom is cheating on Rick with another man. He has no evidence. Where do you think she really goes during her book club meets? Go to one of her book club meetings, Rick. He asks to go, and she says that he can't. Ask her who she talks to late on the phone at night. They argue, Milo locks himself in his room. His mom confronts him after Rick beats her, gets in a car and leaves. Mary bursts into his room furious since Rick was paying the bills. She takes Oscar, saying he's going to the pound. Milo tackles her and starts punching her. She runs to her room, ambushes Milo with chloroform. I'm sending you off.**
- **Men come the next day and take Milo away. Mary had told police that he has lashed out and abused her. He is sent to an institution for a month.**
- **He doesn't take any of the medication.**
- **He is found to have been discarding the pills and gets injections instead now. The medication makes him hallucinate. Sees Slender more often. Dreams of Karl's house, following a dark version of himself to an area deep in a closet behind an air vent where he finds a box.**
- **He meets Michael / Patrick there.** Patrick version of Michael that fucks with Milo, telling him to embrace it and such. To counter that, Milo could experience both the "go towards it and embrace it" attitude of Pat, and the next day have Mikey telling him to "run, forget about it, fight it."
- 
- **When he comes back from the institute, hugs him and says she's so sorry. Milo sneaks away in Mary's trunk so he can find out where she goes to book club. She follows a different road than the one that goes to the library. She drives a winding road into the forest and stops after 20 minutes. She gets out and leaves the car, Milo crawls out and finds himself in a clearing full of cars. He follows sound of chanting to another clearing full of people in robes and masks. Their**

ceremony talks of sacrificing themselves for the good of the lord. He sees something off in the distance that reminded him of something from his childhood he had once forgotten and frightened him, slendy, and he knocks over a rock. The cult members hear him and chase, milo runs back to the car, no keys. Last thing he remembers was a man in a robe mask open the door and shove something foul smelling into his face. He awakes tied to a chair. An Archvassal asks him who he is, he doesn't say anything. Places knife to throat, mary shouts. "Stop! He's my son!" mary removes her robe and mask, very upset. The Archvassal and her have a fight. "Why did you bring him, he is not of age!" "I didn't bring him, I swear to god". Suddenly everyone gasps and kneels. Behind him, Slender man stands but he doesn't know. An ear screeching cicada noise is heard, then silence. It is now suddenly morning. Henka is there and says "the boy is ripe. The lord has blessed his arrival. He is to be inducted" An emergency meeting is had and the overseer decides to induct him. They make him say the oath and he suddenly recites it from memory.

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- **2004:** John Fletcher marys Mary.
- 
- Milo notes how his medication is helping and things are working well. He loves john and his mom seems a lot better.
- **2008:** Milo visits Noah for the last time. milo films slender man at noah's house to try to get rid of him
- Milo is again lead by Mr. Scars to the safe and the combination is given to him. He opens the safe to find Mary's journal and several other documents.
- **2009:** Fletcher leaves Mary after she comes at him with a knife one night.
- Mary says has been in contact with Henka Visae for many years now, only via letter.
- The papers describe how she has been haunted by Mr. Slim since she was a child and she has been going through various sources in order to find out how to get rid of him. She'll list some of her theories of what he is and how he works. **Milo learn that the cult is using her blood for rituals.**
- The last page Milo finds will be the page that describes how Henka has successfully helped her ward off Mr. Slim many a time and has advised her to do very strange things, like the only way to truly escape him is to be deceased. She tells of how Henka convinces her that Robert (Milo's father) is one of Mr. Slim's associates, citing evidence. She describes how she loves her sister, but thinks Noah's father is one of Mr. Slim's associates (a proxy) so in order to save the family on her sister's side, (Noah, Bill, and Sharon) she decides to kill them by burning their house down. She also describes that there is one other way that Henka tells her get rid of Mr. Slim: to 'pass down' Mr. Slim. Henka describes that in order to do this, a child must be born and a specific ritual performed regarding the cutting of the hand (you can elaborate on that). Also, he finds an official document of his father's will that names Milo as his heir of his saved money, but he cannot use this money until he is of age, 21.
- (the entries about this last should abruptly end)

- The next entry describes how, as he wrote the last entry, Mary found out the box was missing and found him looking at her papers. She takes them away and slamming the door on Milo, saying absolutely nothing but having a face of pure anger. Milo is left in his room to take in what he just read.
- Milo realizes his whole life has been a lie, and locks himself in his room for 3 days, he has snacks stashed away and poops in a container to throw out the window. Tomorrow he will run away from home.
- His writing begins to get more cryptic and he writes odd poems, draws strange pictures.
- He contemplates suicide as his birthday nears, it is tomorrow. makes the tape in a moment of clarity (which will be found in the box with this journal) and, judging from Mary's notes, Noah - being his only cousin and close relative, would be next for Mr. Slim. He plans to leave him this box in his will. Hopefully, he will figure out how to save himself, as Milo couldn't.
- Mary unocks the door. She is crying. She hugs Milo and they cry together, she wants him to come out she just wants to talk. She has made him PBJ, his fav. It is drugged. He wakes up in the forest. He is tied to a table, blindfold over his eyes. There is a ritual being performed. He struggles and his blindfold becomes undone. A hooded figure gives another one a dagger, and they begin chanting a word Milo knows means sacrifice. He sees the scar on the cultists hand, its mary. "Mom?" \*Mary cuts milo's throat, but doesnt do a good job\* Mary is crying. Henka shouts "free his immortal spirit!". Suddenly everyone is still, time has stopped. He's coughing up blood as he hears two people approach him, the dark version of himself next to dark noah on either side of him. He sees one of the hooded men take off his hood and reveal himself as Robert. He slits Henka's neck. Dark Milo covers the neck wound, Firebrand covers his eyes.
- **TIME TRAVEL SEQUENCE**
- **Milo wakes up in his abandoned house in the future. He has his journal, his camera is running. He finds a demolition notice and a note that says "You have 120 hours, kill your mother, or we kill you. No funny business" he faints.**
- **Woke up to find briefcase. No electricity or running water, found a used dixie cup in a bush, steals water from the neighbors hose to drink. He tries combinations till it opens revealing \$100,000 and a gun. He steals the newspaper from outside, date is May 21, 2013 when it was May 21, 2010. He is 3 years into the future.**
- **Night of the first day. He finds a flashlight in the neighbors toolshed. He walks around the house at night looking for anything of use. He runs into Slendy and runs out the door to a local park, sleeps on a park bench.**
- **He**
- **Night of the second day, Milo calls mom's second phone number. Tells her to meet him at the house in once day or she'll never see him again.**
- 
- **Night of the third day, Milo goes to the local library and**
- 
- **Night of the fourth day, milo kills mom**
-

- Night of the fifth day, milo's drives body to a retention pond. Car pulls up, he thinks its the cops. Man walks out. It's Robert, he hugs him. Explains all that has happened. He drives him home, he sleeps in his room.
- Milo wakes up, in his bed. May 26, 2013. He thinks its all a dream, until he feels his throat, sees all the entries there in his journal. He walks out of his room, sees his mom in the living room surrounded by tissue boxes and talking on the phone to Henka, now on speaker. "I've been sleeping with more men, I really have."  
"It failed because you grew too attached to the boy. This turn of events is all your fault. You let him use the book, the doctor gave him self-awareness. You spoiled the pot. Another must be hatched."  
"The miracle just isn't happening anymore. I've slept with so many men, I've lost count. I'm not ovulating anymore."  
"Another ritual can be performed, but modifications must be made. He was a smart kid. Too smart. The next one should be more obedient, possible brain damage. I'd recommend use of alcohol and tobacco this next trail. A lower IQ will ensure he stays on our path."  
Milo walks out. "Milo... my baby is ailve!"  
"What?"  
"It's Milo... he's still here."  
"I've seen the truth. You will never get the journal. Dad is still alive. Mr scars is going to kill you."  
And then he locks himself in his room.
- 
- WHO IS HENKA VISAE scratched in journal
- **2010:** Milo dies, May 27th.

## MILO'S JOURNAL ENTRY TIMELINE

1. Milo gets the journal from Dr. Corenthai in 1995. His signature will be in the front of the journal with an inscription (dunno what yet)

Milo,

I understand how the world can seem, at times, a dark place. I know that you feel alone, standing at the mouth of a great void, and knowing that there are things that are staring back through the darkness. But know that we can smile back. Know that it is all we can do, is smile, and know that there are others who know what we do. Your doctor and friend, James Corenthai"

July 23rd 1995 - My name is Milo Asher. I am seven years old. The docter wants me to write in this book. He gave it to me today. He is a nice man. It has a lock and key so only I can read and write in it. He want's me to write about the big man. This will be my diary and it will help me with writing. Miss Robinson says practice makes perfect. I love to write.

2. July 25rd 1995 - Today is a nice day. Second grade is starting soon. I miss my friends. I like seeing my friends at school. Math is my favorite class. I also like recess time.

3. July 27th 1995 - Today is a cold day. I ate a peanut butter jelly sandwich. My mommy made it for me. Mommy makes the best sandwiches.

4. August 2nd 1995 - I saw the big man today! I think so. He was standing outside of the school. He plays hide and seek all the time. Sometimes I can't find him. I know he is there because always is. The doctor did not tell me who the man is. Mommy says that it is my imagination but it is real. He is real.

5. August 7th 1995 - I started school today! School was fun. I got a gold star in english class and met some boys and girls. Jeremy is a nice friend that I made. He is also 7 and likes cars too.

6. August 10th 1995 - I told Jeremy about the man. Jeremy told the other students at lunch and they made fun of me. I am not friends with Jeremy anymore.

7. August 19th 1995 - No one wants to be my friend. They think I am weird. The sychologist is mean. I think i am the only one who can see the man. I think i am broken inside.

8. August 21st 1995 - I made a new friend today. He is named Kevin. He is an african american and knows a lot of jokes. I like him more than jeremy. He didn't tease me or anything like the others. He told me he is teased too but I will not tell him about the man because he might make fun of me.

9. August 25st 1995 - Kevin sits next to me in lunch every day. Pizza day is the best. He does not have many friends just like me. I think it is because he reads comics. I hurt my knee at recess. I wish everyday was pizza day.

10. September 4th 1995 - No school today because it is Laber Day. Miss Robinson gave us three pages of homework. I am so mad! I do not like homework. I called Kevin and he said that I can sleep over this weekend. I am so excited!

11. September 8th 1995 - I'm at Kevin's house! Mommy didn't want me to go, but I lied and said that we have to work together on a project. We played Spyro and drew pictures. Kevin is my best friend.

12. September 9th 1995 - My birthday is in a week. I am going to turn eight years old. I want a party but mommy does not have enough money so we cant afford one. I watched TV with kevin all day and now my head hurts.

13. September 16th 1995 - Today is my eighth birthday! I am eight years old. Cousin Noah came to visit from Florida. He is a nice guy. His mommy bought me a kitten. I am glad mommy let me keep him. I named him Oscar and he is orange. He is my first pet and I love him a lot. Noah and Kevin and Eric slept over at my house. I love my birthday because mommy will let people stay over. I wish i knew daddy more.

14. September 19th 1995 - The big man was at school again. He was behind the gate at recess time. I pointed but Kevin did not see him. I cried a little but Kevin didn't make fun of me. Kevin is a good friend. I want to show him Oscar this weekend. I had a strange dream about Grandpa. He was sitting at a table and angry.

15. September 22th 1995 - I hate mommy. I brought Kevin home on the bus and she got mad. She does not like me bringing kids home without telling, but she never lets me have anyone over ever. She called his mommy and he left. I am grounded for the weekend. What did I do. What did i do. I am so mad at mommy. I have Oscar.

16. September 29th 1995 - I got in trouble. Jeremy called me names at recess and I kick him. I had to talk to the mr principal. He is a scary bald man. He remind me of the big man. I am grounded again. He called me idiot and stupid but I get in trouble because I hurt him but he hurt me more. It isnt fair i want jeremy to die. I got sent home and didn't get to have pizza. I hate everyone.

17. October 4th 1995 - I had a bad dream about the big man again. I have dreams of him a lot. The house was empty and I was alone with a flashlight. I hided from hom him but he found me and I screamed. I woke up and he was in my closet and I screamed. Mommy came in and tuned on the light and no one was there. The man wants to take me and the other children on a vacation. I do not like him and I don't want to go with him. I can't sleep.

18. October 6th 1995 - I am bored today. Mommy doesn't play with me a lot. She talks on the phone and watches TV and leaves for book club on fridays and I can't come. I know that daddy died when I was a baby but I really want a daddy to live with. Maybe he would play with me. Oscar sleeps all day and wont play. Mommy wants me to take pills. I dont like pills because they make me sick.

19. October 13th 1995 - I hate everything. The kids beat me up today. The big man was behind the jungle gym and I ran to the slide and the kids pushed me down. My leg is sprained. Michael and Jeremy got referrals. Mommy says the man is in my imagination. My imagination scares me.

20. October 20th 1995 - Im sick with flu. Mommy makes me take more disgusting medecine and pills. The doctor says I have a virus. Oscar doesn't care that I am sick, he sleeps with me anyway. I had a nightmare too. I was in my bed and couldn't move. The door opened and a man came over to my bed and told me to get a journal. He was made of black. He scares me like the

big man does. They are friends.

21. October 22th 1995 - I cant do anything because i have a high fever. I am sore and cough a lot. I drew pictures and watched TV all day. I wish I had a brother or daddy to play with. Being alone is boring. I wish Noah lived closer too. He was fun to play with.

22. October 22th 1995 - (Mr. Scars writing "You will kick, and you will scream, and tell yourself, it is only a dream. But your eyes are open, the pinch you can feel, for you are not asleep, the dream is real.")

23. October 30th 1995 - Back to school today. Didn't see Kevin. Maybe he's sick too. I dont like eating lunch alone. We learned about dinosaurs today. They are millions of years old. I wish I had a time machine so I could go back in time and see them.

24. November 3rd 1995 - I'm going to Noah's house in Florida for his birthday on the 11th! I am so excited! Mommy said that we are going in a week. I am so happy and I cant wait to see him. I dont have many friends in alabama. I had a strange dream again. I was in this dark house and I saw the dark man. He told me to follow him and he showed me this door and told me to open it. I woke up before I could open it. I wet the bed.

25. November 11th 1995 - I'm in Florida now for Noah's birthday. He is four years old. Noah is a lot of fun. I saw the man again but i didnt look and kept playing. We played a bunch of games and swam in his big pool. I wish Noah lived closer. He is young but we are friends.

26. November 12th 1995 - I saw the man before I left Noah's house. He stands outside of a window. He had branches again this time. He looked like a black tree. Maybe he is a guardian angel like in the stories. I don't think so. Angels have faces.

27. November 15th 1995 - I saw him for the second time today... why does he not move? I was at school having lunch and I went to the bathroom and he was there. He was closer now, so I ran to him. I don't remember but I woke up on the floor outside my house with scratches. I was really scared. I went inside and there was the police. They said I was gone for a day. It is now november 16th. I am in the car going to the hospital now. Mommy is calm.

28. November 17th 1995 - Doctors said I am ok I think. I stayed the night, mommy had to leave because of book club. A man came to visit me at night. I pretended to be asleep. He said he loved me and kissed my head. I think it was the docter but i dont know if it was a dream. Heading back home but I have to take more pills now. I hate the pills, they make me dizzy and sick. Mommy doesn't like me talking about the big man, she gets sad. I want to go to New York for christmas because I want to see snow and grandpa and grandma. Mommy said we might. I'm not as sad today.

29. November 20th 1995 - Kids at school made fun of me again because they said I ran away



but I didn't. Kevin is still a good friend. At least I have Kevin. He asked what happened and I told him the truth. He is the only person who listens to me about the big man. He thinks it is a ghost but I think its a monster. I don't know if he is a good monster or a bad monster.

30. December 6th 1995 - I thought I lost my journal but I kept it under my bed and forgot. The pills make me forget more. I wish I could talk to doctor coranthal who gave me the journal about the big man. I asked mommy but she said that she doesnt know his phone number. I am scared of the big man because he does not do anything.

31. December 16th 1995 - Finally! It is christmas break! No more school or homework or bullies. I got an award for the best grades in the class. The bullies called me nerd and geek but I felt ok because I am smarter than them. Mommy said we are going to New York for a family reunion. I do not know anybody except grandpa and grandma.

32. December 21st 1995 - I am on a plane now. It was scary for a little while but now its cool to see the ground from way up high because everyone looks like ants. My ears hurt and it is shaky. mommy gets nervous when we fly. I'm sad because I could not bring Oscar but he is ok. We are going to get pizza when we land, I love pizza.

33. December 25th 1995 - Merry Christmas! The family reunion happened today. I met a lot of cousins and other relatives. I have a cousin named Bill and a neece named Elizabeth, but they are boring. We had good food and had a party. Grandpa was sitting by himself. I said hello, but he didn't hear me. He looked at me and said something funny sounding. He looked angry and grabbed my arm. Mommy took me away and said not to talk to grandpa. I don't understand.

34. December 26th 1995 - I went to sleep and woke up at Grandpas house. It was dark and scary. I walked around and found a door. It was from my dream. I opened it and found a box. I wanted to open it but I dont know why. I got it open and the light went on and grandpa was there with a gun. He yelled at me and I ran. I ran down the stairs and got out the door. Mommy was there with the police. Why did grandpa kidnapped me.

35. Im in a big pool and it smells really bad and it is thick. I cant see. I swim and swim and swim and then i find a wall. It is slimy and made of flesh. I am in a big monsters stomach. Then i wake up.

XX. Milo finds out that the police are part of the cult

XX 1995. mommy took me to her book club. There was no books though. It was a campfire. There was a bunch of people in big black hoods and they had masks that were wite. We listened to a man talk about the lord like at church and then we drank something. I fell asleep and woke up and my tummy hurt and my arm had a bandage on it and it was really sore. they made me say weird things and pleag allegiance like to flag at school. I was wearing a robe now and the man came over to me and said "you are one of us now" and then we went home. I think

they drank my blood. is this what a book club is? I dont like it at all.

XX. I asked mommy why we go to two churches. She says it's to get closer to daddy, closer to god. I asked if it was the same god like at church. She didnt say anything. She says that im real sick and theyre trying to help me, but if i tell anyone about them i wont get healed. im good at keeping secrets. Ill be healed.

XX. We learned how to draw family trees today in school, here is my family tree  
\*drawing of family tree\*

XX 1997. We are going on a boat trip with mommy and noah and noahs parents and grandpa and grandma and uncle alex and aunt jo. Im excited, ive never been on a boat before.

~

## **(RE-WRITE) Rough Rundown of the remaining content of TribeTwelve videos:**

- Kevin and Noah go to the boardwalk to investigate, Kevin talks of how Milo used to be in school, Slenderman shows up, Noah chases him the end of the boardwalk where he's disappeared.
- Noah gets Milo's box that he left for him in his will. Milo's old house had been sold and pinned to this box in his closet was a note; his will. Inside are the journal, his old shoes, and a tape. On the tape is Milo's memoire. The journal describes that the only reason that Milo was born was for his mother to attempt to pass down the Slenderman from her to him. At the end of the journal, there is a hint to go to the boardwalk again at a specific time on s specific day (midnight on Saturday)
- Kevin and Noah go to the boardwalk for the second time at night, Noah sees something and runs toward it, he finds no one at the end of the boardwalk, but Kevin is now missing. Noah gets teleported back to his house and attacked.
- Observer takeover/livestream. Observer video that basically says he wants the Nazi journal. Subtle hints to Milo's mom and Milo's journal, foreshadowing hints to the dagger and other aspects of future videos. A picture of Milo's dead body holding pills is leaked on the twitter.
- Noah wakes up a week later, covered in observer symbols. He goes to Kevin's house to see if he's there. He isn't, his mom says he's been gone for a week. She figures he's with another friend at a concert he's been talking about or something. Noah goes through his room and finds some CDs with the observer symbol on them. That night, Noah hears pounding on his closed closet door, he rushes to unlock it and see who is inside, no one is inside. \*

- On the CDs, it documents how Kevin is being stalked by the Observer, but it slowly gets revealed that Kevin is the observer. Dr. Jekyll/Mr. Hyde, type deal. Noah then finds strange transmitting electronic equipment in his house, he destroys them.
- Observer stalks Noah's house, leaving clues about how he took down Milo and how he was transformed into a puppet by Slenderman. Night recording of the Observer standing over Noah's bed. Woken up, goes outside. Observer on roof. Slender Man appears as the end of Noah's hallway. Noah wakes up with a letter of from Kevin pleading for Noah to help him somehow.
- Noah receives word that Karl has passed. He gets the Nazi journal the next day, it comes with a dagger. It's from the Nazi that was taken by Slenderman in Karl's story. It mentions the hint of a weakness, stabbing Slenderman through the chest with a dagger covered in 'innocent blood'.
- He shows up at Noah's front door in the middle of the night and attacks Noah. Kevin is killed in Noah's self-defense.
- Figuring that the vial of blood that Kevin had was for that purpose, Noah seeks out Slenderman. He gets teleported to the boardwalk, and then, back into a small room. He realizes he's in his own locked closet, and bangs on the door. (Timetravel Mindfuck) \* Once he finds him, he stabs him straight in the chest. Nothing happens. The dagger falls out, and he is knocked down. He realizes that all this has been a cruel joke to tenderize him into becoming the next Observer.
- The last entry shows Noah looking very odd, slicked back hair, odd happiness, professional clothing. He mentions how he's given up on investigating Milo's death and rules it out as a suicide. He says he's made new friends. Voices come from the hallway urging him to come. Noah says he has to go now and leaves. About 30 seconds later, the footage goes observer style, and a black silhouette walks into the room (not sure what should be different about the silhouette, but the view should figure out that it's definitively Noah.) and sits down in front of the camera. The camera begins to shake more and more violently (after effects). Slenderman appears in the doorway. And then the video cuts out.

## The Device Video

- wake up, have odd dream
- i hear beep noise, think it's smoke detector
- go to change smoke detector, its not the smoke detector
- i seek out the sound, find the device
- cut to me explaining how ive called up my tech friend (or Kevin), sent him pictures. He says it looks to be made of old beeper parts and a sound recording module. The bottom

bit is unidentifiable, but he suspects it to possibly be a transmitter due to the antenna. But there's a speaker on it, and he says that the USB might be able to activate it. He told me to cut open the USB cable and cut the data wires, but leave the power ones.

-I plug it in and it plays the observer soundclip

-cut to the morning, ive said that ive soldered the wires back together, gone to my local library, and plugged it in.

-On the drive are five files:

- a script file labeled "send" - dated created: March 16 at 11:11

- three strange unidentifiable files

- a sound file from the night before

-I downloaded some spyware and antivirus programs and scanned the drive but come up with nothing.

-I conclude with saying that I have destroyed the device, searched the house, and kept my noises to a minimum.

Hello, my child. I see you've found my little toy. Took you long enough. (47) days?

\*makes clicking sound with tongue signifying impatience\* I was beginning to think you'd never find it. Good thing you're not as deaf as you are stupid. But I'm being unfair.

Perhaps you just need another little... ah... lesson, like the one you got at the Nature Trail. Would you like that? \*pause for Noah's reply\* Shh... shh.... \*low, mirthless laugh\*

But we will teach you *so much*. Who all those eyes belong to.... \*this time referring directly to the dream Noah has just had and not told *anyone* about yet\* Where that forest... yes... that forest you were in not one hour ago... fill with foreign trees. We shall teach you their names, including my Master's special favorite. \*sing-songy voice\*

Under her branches the rain runs red and women cry for the sake of their dead.... \*another hoarse laugh\* Would you like to know where you went? Would you like to know why?

\*pause to let it sink in that the Observer obviously knows intimate details of Noah's dream. Noah responds, perhaps with a "F-fuck..." or something similar. The Observer clicks his tongue again\* Language, Mr. Maxwell. The walls have such *sensitive* ears.

\*Noah responds with more vigorous cursing. The Observer sighs a long-suffering sigh\*

We want only to remove those festering sutures from your eyes... are you so afraid of sight? A brief lesson, from your own world. You, and everyone you've ever known, are prisoners... bound in a cave and facing a blank wall on which you can only perceive shadows. A brain connected to eyes and nothing more. We have seen what casts those shadows, Noah Maxwell. *Why won't you let us untie you?* \*pause\* The Boardwalk.

Bring the journal (Noah doesn't know what he's talking about yet -- he'll comment on

this in a moment). That is your homework. If you come without it, we shall be forced to take *disciplinary actions*. Perhaps another detention? \*laughs for a while, after which Noah decides to destroy it/stop it\*

Adam's revised version:

Hello, my child. I see you've found my little toy. Took you long enough. About 4 months? \*makes clicking sound with tongue signifying impatience\* I was beginning to think you'd never find it. Good thing you're not as deaf as you are stupid. You shouldn't have cut those wires, there is more to be found. But I'm being unfair. Perhaps you just need another little... ah... lesson, like the one you got at the Nature Trail. Would you like that? \*pause for Noah's reply\* Shh... shh.... \*low, mirthless laugh\* But we will teach you so much. Who all those eyes belong to.... We shall teach you their names. About that forest... yes... that forest you were in not one hour ago... Under its branches the rain runs red and women cry for the sake of their dead.... \*another hoarse laugh\* Would you like to know where you went? Would you like to know why? Perhaps you'd like to know why Milo committed suicide? Or rather, how I helped him do so. \*Noah responds, perhaps with a "F-fuck..." or something similar. The Observer clicks his tongue again\* Language, Mr. Maxwell. The walls have such sensitive ears. \*Noah responds with more vigorous cursing. The Observer sighs a long-suffering sigh\* We want only to remove those festering sutures from your eyes... are you so afraid of sight? A brief lesson, from your own world. You, and everyone you've ever known, are prisoners... bound in a cave and facing a blank wall on which you can only perceive shadows. A brain connected to eyes and nothing more. We have seen what casts those shadows, Noah Maxwell. Why won't you let us untie you? You are quite deserving, after all. \*pause\* The Boardwalk. Bring the journal. That is your homework. However, if you come empty handed, we shall be forced to take...disciplinary actions. Perhaps another detention? \*snicker\* Until then, I will continue my...observations. Pleasant dreams, Noah. \*laugh\*

\*\*\*\*\*

Noah: Calling Grandpa Karl right now for the millionth time. I got a message from him saying I needed to contact him, which is why I have Kevin here to translate. Say hello, Kevin.

Kevin: Hello, Kevin.

Noah: Smartass. I won't be surprised if he doesn't pick up though, I mean he's practically seni-- Hello? Grandpa?

Karl: You need to listen. Not do so much talking, as time is short.

Noah: You have a journal, right? Where did it come from?

Karl: We took the journal off of the poor soul who met his end at the... hands... of that thing we met in the woods so many years ago. And yet I remember that cold MONTH night as though it were yesterday. As he was taken up by the monster, he dropped his bag, from which we were able to determine that his name was Sebastian Kraus, an Obersoldat in the Reichsheer. Low rank, not much more than a soldier. What he was doing that far in the woods without his fellows or a superior was... a mystery to us. It remained a mystery to all but myself. I stole the journal from the sack, which also contained a knife and a beautiful blue ribbon. Other than that, it contained the typical soldier effects, and my fellow soldiers, eager to forget that the entire event had happened, did not attempt to press matters. But in the silence of that uneasy night, I only feigned sleep. I lived that man's last few months in the space of a night....

Noah: Where is it? Where is the journal? Do you have it?

Karl: Your Watcher friend speaks through you. (Consider not translating this -- for people who speak German to translate?) It is safe.

Noah: What's inside? What did it say, Grandpa? Was there anything about an Observer? Some asshole who can't mind his own business?

Karl: He watches you even now.

Noah: What? Why the fuck should he be watching me? I don't even have the stupid book!

Karl: He cannot bear the sight of it, or even its presence. It is painful to him.

Noah: Then why can't we just leave it where it is? Why can't we just forget about it -- pretend it never existed?

Karl: Courage. If you leave it too long, he will force you to take it from me.

Noah: Destroy it, then! Burn it, tear it up, stab it with a fucking snake's fang for all I care -- he can't want what he can't get, right?

Karl: To do so would bring the wrath of that creature down upon you.

Noah: Well what the hell am I supposed to do?

Karl: You wait. And keep your wits about you... and your eyes open.

Ok, this is what I've decided to do. I've talked with a few people and most of them like the idea of Sebastian being the same Nazi that stumbled into Karl's camp. However, I do want to keep his final journal entry where he is calm and collected after a series of sporadic final entries. We'll have Karl say the exact date that Sebastian came to the camp and it will be a week or so after Sebastian's final placid entry, so that week or so in between holds some ambiguity. Sure, it takes away some of the mystery, but this is how I always planned it to be.

(Also, I'm leaving for Florida on Wednesday, so if you can't finish the Nah/Kevin/Karl phone call or get it translated by then, I may not be able to do it at all.)

Karl: Du musst zuhören. Nicht so viel reden, da die Zeit knapp ist.

Noah: Sie haben ein Tagebuch, nicht wahr? Wo kommt das her?

Karl: Wir haben das Tagebuch aus der armen Seele, die von dieser Mann getötet wurde... in den Wäldern vor so vielen Jahren. Und doch erinnere ich mich, dass kalter September Nacht dachte, es war gestern. Da wurde er von dem Monster genommen, ließ er seine Tasche. Sein Name war Sebastian Krause, ein Obersoldat im Reichsheer war wurden. Low Rang, nur ein Soldat. Was war er so weit zu tun in den Wald, ohne seine Mitmenschen oder ein Vorgesetzter war ... uns ein Rätsel. Es blieb ein Rätsel für alle außer mir. Ich habe das Tagebuch aus dem Sack, in dem auch ein Messer und ein schönes blaues Band. Anders, enthielt sie die typischen Soldat Effekte. Meine Kameraden waren begierig, die gesamte Veranstaltung zu vergessen. Aber in der Stille der unruhige Nacht, ich habe nur vorgetäuscht zu schlafen. Ich lebte, dass der Mensch die letzten Monate in den Raum für eine Nacht ....

Noah: Wo ist es? Wo ist das Tagebuch? Haben Sie es?

Karl: Dein Zuschauer Freund spricht durch dich. (dont translate this last sentence) Es ist sicher.

Noah: Was ist drin? Was hat es zu sagen, Opa? Gab es etwas, über eine Zuschauer? Einige.... die nichts dagegen kann sein eigenes Geschäft?

Karl: Er sieht du auch heute noch.

Noah: Was? Warum sollte er mich beobachtet? Ich habe nicht einmal den Buch!

Karl: Er kann es nicht ertragen den Anblick, oder sogar ihre Anwesenheit. Es ist schmerzhaft für ihn.

Noah: Und warum können wir nicht einfach verlassen? Warum können wir nicht einfach vergessen?

Karl: Mut. Wenn du es verlassen zu lang bist, wird er dich zwingen, um es von mir zu nehmen.

Noah: Zerstören Sie das Buch, dann! Brennen Sie es ein! Reißen sie auf, stechen sie mit einem verdammten Schlange fang meinetwegen - er kann nicht wollen, was er nicht bekommen, richtig?

Karl: Dies würde den Zorn, die Kreatur zu senken auf dir.

Noah: Nun, was zur Hölle soll ich tun?

Karl: Warte! Und haltest du deinen Verstand... und die Augen offen.

## Kevin's Tapes

(I might just have it on a CD)

The premise of the hidden tapes is: after Kevin goes missing, I go to his house to look for him and find some tapes/CDs that have the observer symbol on them. On the footage, he documents himself from his room being stalked by the Observer. In the end, the Observer turns out to be himself. I just need ideas for more Kevin footage/clips. Feel free to write some scripts for this too. Thanks for your input!

- (Not really sure how to start - possibilities: Kevin also had the same Religious studies project as Noah and was going to film himself talking for the project or a production log of it. Or he could have just gotten the camera as a birthday present. Etc)



- Kevin gets word that Milo died from Noah. Reflects on Milo and how he went to school with him in Alabama, was one of his only friends.

- Observer style video, Main message of it: Kevin, your time has finally come.

- He acknowledges that he's being stalked by someone, getting left notes.

- He finds that hidden messages have been left to him. When he turns on his black light, it reveals writing and symbols on his walls, books, papers, and other objects.

- He notes that he's been forgetting large sections of time, waking up different places than where he fell asleep, ect.

- Another Observer video, main message of it: YOU HAVE TO FIND ME

- Kevin searches around his room and finds a box (the same box that was first sent to Noah) with the device inside and other electronics that Noah received inside.

- Kevin filming himself very paranoid, finding observer symbols drawn on him in silver sharpie/white out

- Kevin reports about his mother waking up with scratches on her legs.

- Kevin hears some noises coming from his bathroom, opens the door, finds a two sticky notes on the mirror saying, "YOU FOUND ME" on the back "I AM YOU AND WE ARE ONE". The other is an Observer symbol, on the back of it, it says "BEHIND YOU". He turns around to see slender man, falls down.

- (Last footage) Kevin is calmly sitting in front of the camera. "I finally understand. Everything. It makes sense now. Last night, I was made aware of what I was. I was shown things, things that an unenlightened person like yourself wouldn't even dream of conceiving. And the best part of it was, I could see. My eyes finally feel open. It's like I was a rat running in an endless maze all my life, and he just plucked me out of it. For the first time in my life, I understood. It was me. This whole time. And it feels good. Better than anything. I know everything. I know that you're watching this right now. I get why this is all happening. I'd be more than willing to go if I were you. To be part of the... collective... it feels like... everything... but nothing. I know you'll love it. However, my time is nearly up. Today, Kevin dies... tonight, rather. But not to worry, he was, and still

is a fine vessel. So, Noah, I'd like to personally thank you in advance. We had some great fun. You were just as fun as Milo was, and then some. Pity, he had to end our little game so soon, he wasn't as strong as you turned out to be. Well, technically, I helped him, because... we realized your potential was greater. But fortunately, that's what makes you so much better. Your defiance, your will, your determination. My...superior has taken a particular liking in you, much more so than Milo, just like he chose me those many years ago. \*Watch beeps\* Oh, look at the time. We should be on our way now... to see you, of course. We have a boardwalk to visit. Oh, and one more thing... tag, your it. Come and find me."

What's the time frame on this? When are you planning on releasing it to the public? -AM

## Character Backgrounds Timeline

### Karl's story

A Nazi, Sebastian, runs into a camp of Allied soldiers yelling that "it's coming" and collapses. Karl Maxwell, 20, is one of them. He is badly injured but restrained, mumbling. They thought he was drunk at first, but then they saw that his arm and leg were broken. The two other camp members out to scout the area, Karl stays behind to guard the Nazi. Sebastian wants to be untied because he is in pain. Karl is a compassionate man, so he does. Sebastian opens his journal, crosses off his name and writes Karl's. He tells Karl in a delirium, "Keep it safe and it will keep you safe. The monster comes for its hide. It wants it back. To be whole." His men return to find several dead animals but nothing else. Slender Man comes and takes Sebastian away. Karl comes home from the war in 1947. Horrified about what happened, he vows not to read the journal.

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After the war, he and his wife move to America. He is a changed man from war, his wife sees it but pins it on PTSD from war. He begins seeing Slender Man seldom throughout the years, and eventually Persolus, appearing to him as an older image of himself mainly telling him to give him the book. They have kids in 1957, Mary and Sharon. He begins to see the collective more often. Mary begins seeing Slender Man and a woman with Xs over her eyes, Sharon is unaffected. Mary is put on medication and psych visits after seeing 'invisible people' at school, waking up to drawings she didn't remember making, sleepwalking. When sleepwalking, she keeps trying to get the journal. Karl is fired from his job. A man under the name Henka Visae contacts Karl. He's an antique dealer who employs him as an auctioneer. He later tells Karl that he found out through military records that Karl was in possession of one Nazi Journal. He's willing to pay a

face value of \$10,000 for it, but after Karl says he hasn't even opened it the dealer raises his price tenfold to \$100,000. Karl says that he's in need of the money and he'll consider it. Persolus comes to him and tells him this journal is more than he knows and to keep the journal safe, do not give it to Henka. In 1972, he goes out of town to meet with Henka at an art show to give him the book. When he hands Henka the journal, he immediately opens it and asks Karl to sign Henka's name in it. He's immediately suspicious and refuses. He takes the journal and leaves, remembering what Sebastian made him do. He arrives home and is sent a letter of termination from his job. Karl survives his "catalyst event" where their collective-self saves their past mortal self from death. His break-line was cut and he's about to hit a train, but saved by Persolus who tells him what Sebastian told him. 20 years after receiving the journal from Sebastian he opens the journal and reads it. He learns that owning the book and cloth, while keeping him safe from actual harm, makes him a target and endangers his family. He begins writing his own entries in the journal to provide a document of his account. He finds his wire clippers misplaced under Mary's bed. He begins taking the book everywhere with him. He begins getting obsessive and yells at his family whenever he's questioned, saying that he's keeping them safe. He begins to become reclusive and distant from his family. Around Mary's 19<sup>th</sup> birthday in 1976, she is caught reading the journal by Karl. He becomes extremely angry with her, beats her, and changes the locks. He was planning to hand her off the journal, but he sees what possession of it has done to him, they're after him, and he doesn't want her to bear the same weight from passing on this infection. In 1977, Mary and Sharon go off to college. He has realized that these entities lead by Henka are using Mary to try to get the journal from him, so he is happy that they're going far away. Karl becomes obsessive about finding Henka, who he believes if killed will end the madness – he is never able to find him. Karl makes a personal dedication to hang onto the book as long as possible in order to keep his family safe at his expense. After college, Mary and Sharon move on with their lives and everything calms down, until Milo and Kevin are born in 1988. Upon Kevin's birth, the Observer begins haunting Karl, Mary, and Milo. Mary begins seeing visions and dreams from her childhood, telling her to get the journal from Karl. In 1997 the Maxwell family is brought together on a family boating reunion by Sharon. Henka Visae is the captain, who gave Sharon a great deal on renting a boat. He tries to get the journal, Karl shoots him, as he's dying he blows up the engine. As the boat sinks Karl saves the journal but not his wife. Milo swims to shore, but Noah begins to drown. Noah is then saved by Firebrand, his "catalyst event". Henka Visae's body is never recovered. From then on out, Karl became a recluse. As senility wore in, he stayed cooped up in his house and stopped speaking English, only conversing in German. Mary begins trying to break in and steal his journal after Milo's death. He is alerted of Noah's plight and decides to give Noah the journal because he feels he is more deserving but when he arrives, Karl has a

change of heart and kicks him out – reminded of what happened to his daughter after learning of its protective properties. Later, his failing health leads him to finally make the decision to hand over the journal. He sends a message to Noah that he's ready to hand it over, but mails the journal in a box covered with severance symbols. Noah travels up to his home in New York, where he finds Karl dead and a message saying "I've mailed it to you". The Observer then attacks Noah, who runs out the front door and is suddenly, back at his house – the package with the journal sitting at his front door. Noah opens the box to find the journal, Karl Maxwell's name is crossed out and Noah Maxwell's name is written as owner. Karl's body is then reported as missing and is never found.

### **Mary's Story**

From an early age, Mary had begun having strange dreams. She began seeing Slender Man and having visions of him as she grew. She sees Cursor and Mr. Scars as well in her dreams, Mr. Scars is her boogeyman and Cursor is a guide, telling her to get the journal. Karl forbids anyone from his closet. When Karl is out, Mary finds his safe. Through dreams and visions, she becomes obsessed with opening it. She finds out where Karl keeps the key to the lock, opens the safe to find the ammo case with the journal in it. She opens the journal; it's in German so she makes it a goal to learn German in school to her dad's secret book because she is extremely compelled to. Karl goes on a business trip to the antique dealer to appraise his book. She goes in the safe to check it out again, but it's gone. After taking German in middle school and high school, she began to sneak in and read the journal. She learned about what Sebastian went through and that the journal is a protective amulet. Just as she learns this, she is busted by Karl and beaten. He changes the locks and she goes off to college. Her hauntings lessen until she meets her future husband, Robert Asher. After they marry, the hauntings return tenfold. A man comes to her named Henka Visae, claiming that he is part of a special organization (The Order) that specializes in what she's going through. She joins the cult and begins attending meetings regularly. As her hauntings become worse, she confides in Henka who has a private meeting with her telling her he knows of a way to pass on the curse. He explains to her a ritual must be performed and she must bear a child as a host for the infection to inhabit. She informs him that doctors have told her that she is unable to bear children. Henka says only the ritual will allow it. Mary agrees to perform the ritual and miraculously bears a child named Milo. Henka warns that this child is forever cursed with the lord's blessing for his blood is tainted like hers because of what her father did in the war. Robert finds out that Mary has been taking Milo to these meets in 1991 and they argue, she shoots him and sets the house ablaze. Firebrand rescues Robert. Mary raises Milo and brings him to cult meetings every year until 1997 when the Maxwell family is brought together on a family boating reunion by Sharon, Karl notices that the captain is Henka and confronts him, there is

gun battle as Henka tries to get the journal. Henka is shot, and presses a button blowing up the boat's engine. After this, Karl stops talking to Mary and Mary stops bringing Milo to Order meetings.

Mary Asher age:

1985 - 27 (manifest - typo, not 22)

1989 - 31 (Milo is born)

2013 - 55 (death)

Lars Müller (Henka V) age

1915 - Born

1942 - 27

1945 - 30 (shit goes down in the black forest, he returns home and has son Gregor)

1985 - 70 (meets Mary)

1997 - 82 (death)

Collective as the 7 Sins

Kevin - Observer - greed; wishes nothing more than to obtain the journal and complete his mission; surveillance powers

Mary Asher - Cursor - gluttony; values her own life over anyone else's;

Milo - Mr. Scars - envy; wishes he had a better life;

Karl - Persolus - sloth; protected the journal but did nothing else;

Noah - Firebrand - wrath; exacting his revenge on the collective; can teleport through time and space

Lars/Henka - Deadhead - pride; nationalist for the Nazis; can hop from body to body

Sebastian - Swain - lust; yearns for his wife;

## **ARG Content**

Initial Reddit post:

I am scriniarii.

You are sensum.

You are required.

The loop must be maintained.

The sensum will take the keywords and submit it to the archive.

Youtube Video:

[Firebrand reading Sebastian's Journal] My friend asked you to do something.

[Close up of Firebrand] You did not heed.

[Screenshot of the Reddit post, Man wearing a beanie is at table and closes laptop - Noah has his arm around him] The way you have treated scriniarii has made us doubt your resolve.

[shot of noah from token letter] I thought you wanted to [http://help noah?](http://help.noah?)

[shot of adult hand letting go of child hand] We wanted to help you, but now you're on your own.

[browser with blinking text cursor line (zoom in)] Find the archive.

[blackness] Find the answers.

<http://help.tribetwelve.com>: unlisted video that contains slow scan of altered token letter frame with fortune cookie, everything blanked out but where darkness is, there is a circle.

<http://darkness.tribetwelve.com>: leads to pastebin of scrambled encoded base64 etc. URL code ([youtube.com/\[code\]](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=[code])), code leads to quick youtube video of manifest page 2 in a way where the community must peice it together. At end of video, text reads "A fragment has been exposed. Sensus has woken. The loop must be maintained. End of node. ~ Scriniarii."